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MINER, PRIEST, THEN BISHOP

Close of the Eventful Career of Bishop Manogue.

HIS ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

Sacramento Mourns the Death of the Venerable Suffragan of the See.

Right Rev. Bishop Manogue's last gift to his beloved Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament in Sacramento, a peal of bells, will on Tuesday next ring out his requiem. For the venerable Bishop, crowned with the glorious record of his later years, passed away from this earth on Wednesday morning to claim his place among the elect.

On Wednesday morning, after an illness of many months, Bishop Manogue give up the struggle, and and his soul passed away from his sturdy frame. His life ebbed away in the quiet and calm of the early morning, just as the sunlight glinted on the steeples of the big cathedral. All through the silent watches of the night the Bishop lay dying. He was conscious to the last, and during the night gave instructions to the prelates of his household regarding the administration of the affairs of the diocese. Very Rev. Father Lynch, V. G.; Fathers Hunt, Grace, Klyne and Walsh were present, besides his niece, Miss Minnie Fogarty, and Miss Kelly, of Napa.

It was just about 6:30 in the morning that the final summons came, yet the news was not announced until later. Owing to the changes being made in the belfrey, placing the new peals in the tower, the tolling of the bells was omitted. No announcement either was made at the Masses, none of the priests who celebrated feeling equal to the task.

But the news quickly spread, and was known in San Francisco very shortly after the event occurred. On every side were heard expressions of sincere sorrow, for Bishop Manogue was loved, not only as a prelate but as a man as well. During the eventful course of his life with its many vicissitudes, he made many friends. His funeral will be attended by people from all over this State and Nevada, where his labors were mainly performed.

HIS HISTORY.

Right Rev. Patrick Manogue, D. D., was born in the county Kilkenny, Ireland, March 15, 1831, and emigrated to the United States in 1848. After residing for two years in Connecticut he went to Chicago, where he spent four years in the University of St. Mary's of the Lake. In 1854 he arrived in California and commenced working in the mines at Moore's Flat, Nevada county.

His first mining parther was L. J. Hanchett, and they were engaged in that business about eighteen miles from Nevada City, from 1853 to 1856. The mine was worked by the placer process, aud paid its owners well. The Bishop's interest was one-sixth. When he reached the location he was without means. He worked every day in the mines, and only used one ounce of gold a week for his personal expenses. His spare time was devoted to study.

Having saved enough money to defray the cost of a more advanced education, he placed himself in correspondence with Archbishop Alemany, and by his advice he left for France, where he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris, for a four years' course of instruction. On Christmas, 1861, he was ordained by Cardinal Merlot. The early part of the subsequent year he left Paris, and arriv[illegible] irginia City in June 1862.

In 1868 Father Manogue was made Vicar-General of the diocese of Grass Valley, and in 1868 was made coadjutor to Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley. On the occasion of the receipt of the news, he was presented with a congratulatory address signed by all the priests of his diocese. On January 16, 1881, at Old St. Mary's Cathedral, he was consecrated Bishop by the late Archbishop Alemany. assisted by Bishops Mora and O'Connell. On the 28th of May, 1886, the diocese of Grass Valley ceased to exist, the See of Sacramento take its place.

As soon as this had been accomplished Bishop Manogue set out to equip the seat of his episcopate with the necessary cathedral. The result of his labors seen in the magnificent edifice at Eleventh and K streets, Sacramento, where stands the C[illegible]thedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

To the building and adornment of this Cathedral, and the general advancement of his charge, Bishop Manogue had devoted the best energy of his declining years. The cornerstone of the immense edifice was laid on June 12, 1887, and the ceremony, which was very impressive, was witnessed by people from all over Northern California and Nevada, the Bishop's early home.

On Sunday morning, July 1, 1889, the Cathedral was formerly dedicated, and the event was a notable one in the history of the city. Thousands thronged the new edifice, and the eloquent address by Rev. Father Bouchard, the Jesuit prelate, was listened to by one of the largest bodies of people ever assembled in that city, either in or out of doors.

The Cathedral and episcopal residence occupy the entire half of a block, 160 by 320 feet. The Cathedral is buit in the Italian style, of brick, covered with cement on the outside in the shape of a cross. A dome fifty-six feet in diameter rises from the center of the high roof to a height of 175 feet, including the surmounting cross.

The Eleventh-Street front supperts three towers, each square at the base and octagonal above- The side towers project beyond the wall andare fourteen feet square at the base and 120 feet in height. The center tower, which serves as a belfry, rises to the splendid height of 216 feet to the top of the gilded cross. The greatest length from front to rear is 208 feet, while across the arms of the cross-shaped sides the distance is 114 feet. The width through the nave externally is an even 100 feet.

The interior contains three altars, the central and main one of which, together with the sanctuary, is now being frescoed by leading artist in a beautiful manner.

On Wednesday evening, September 25, 1887, about three months after the formal dedication of the Cathedral, a public testimonial in the shape of a banquet was tendered to Bishop Manogue at the Golden Eagle Hotel. It was distinctly an expression from the citizens of Sacramento, without regard to religion or sectarianism.

After the banquet had been partaken of, the health of the guest of the evening was proposed, and the sixty present responded by rising. Among the number of well known people present were Attorney-General Johnson. Secretary of State Hendricks, State Controller Dunn, State Librarian Wallace, State Treasurer Herold, the two representatives of the Superior Bench, the Mayor, President of the Board of Trade, members of the medical and legal professions, and a number of others of varions creeds.

When all were seated, Bishop Manogue responded to the compliment. He said that it was not without embarrassment that he endeavored to find fitting words to express the sentiments which he felt. While he could not plead that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, he must beg that his assurances of sincere appreciation of the honor conferred on him by the people of Sacramento should be accepted from his heart rather than from his lips.

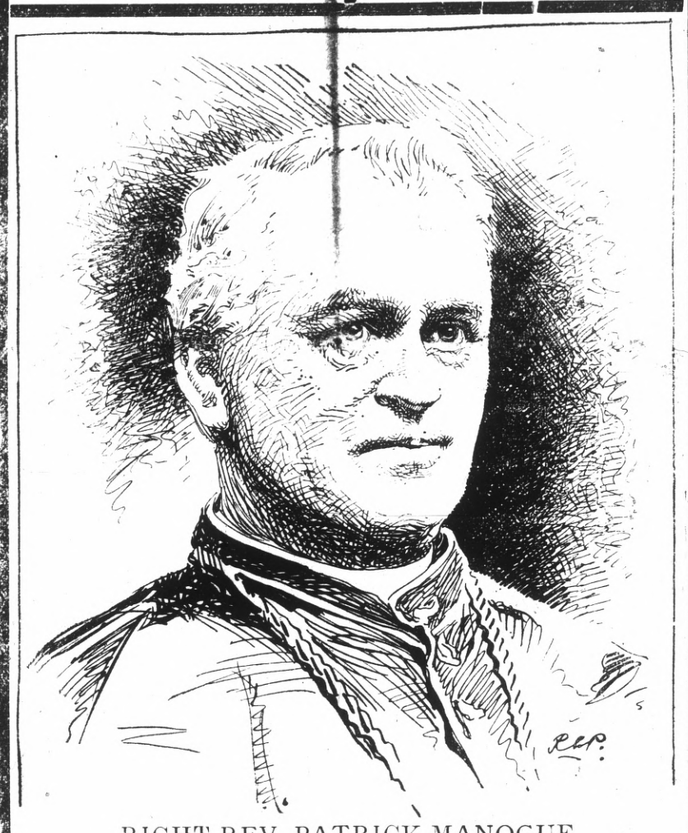
"Were I not confident that the honor you have extended to me is as generous as it is spontaneous, I might feel like a stranger among you," he said. "But this reception tells me that I am no stranger in Sacramento

The Bishop spoke feelingly of the encouragement and generous support of all the people in his great work, for which he asked that the sentiments of his heart should answer.

"It is nearly thirty-five years ago," said the venerable prelate, "since I first passed through Sacramento on my way to the mines. Everybody then was seeking fortune in the mines, and I myself handled the sledge and drill with Judge Caldwell of Nevada City, for a partner. It was not by rail or river that I travelled then, but by the rough and slow stage coach into the mountains to face bedrock in a tunnel for weal or woe.

"Fortune smiled, and my labor was rewarded with a competence. I thought that if I could become a good priest of the Church I would be the happiest man in the world."

The Bishop then told that, following out his ambition, he selected the college in Paris, France, reported for the strictest discipline to fit him for his calling. After years of hard study in France he was ordained a priest.



RIGHT REV. PATRICK MANOGUE.
Late Bishop of Sacramento.

His lot fell in the State of Nevada, and for eighteen years he labored there. His field was the whole State, where one might travel for 150 miles without seeing so much of life as a grasshopper or a butterfly.

The Bishop referred briefly to his advancement and concluded by saying:

"After I was appointed Bishop I began to look about for the best site for a Cathedral. which should be the center of the diocese, and my home. In 1884 I opened correspondence with Rome to secure permission to make Sacramento the center of the diocese, but it wos not until May, 1886, that the desired permission was obtained.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

From the day of the entrance of Father Manogue into the district over which he exercised his spiritual authority, his life was one series of adventures. During the early years of his mission, his duties called him oftentimes over almost trackless wastes, with habitations few and far between. But when the summons came demanding his services he was ever ready to respond. His pleasant voice and kindly mien were always his passport and safeguard.

To those who are acquainted with the territory to which he was assigned some of the feats credited to Father Manogue, even at this day seem surprising. Sick calls often compelled him to make long journeys to distant points from Virginia City, into the Reese river country in Nevada, a distance of 180 miles. Rough roads and dreary wastes, often swept by windy blasts and buried deep in snow were some of the difficulties to be met with, One call of this nature was to attend a man sentenced to be hanged,

Something in the case struck Father Manogue as being meritorius. Forgetting the tiresome journey he had just made, he mounted his horse, and plunged again on his long ride, to seek executive clemency. First came a reprieve for the poor man, and finally a pardon.

Some of the other hardships endured by him were sleeping in the brush at night, with his saddlebags for pillows, and at other times, rolled in his blankets on the floor of a barroom in some country town. It is related that at one time he arrived at Wellington station, on the Walker river, late one night, and the only place he couid get to sleep, was on the floor of the barroom, among a crowd of noisy, boisterous drunken teamsters. Without revealing his identity he lay down and endeavored to sleep. Mrs. Johnson, the proprietress of the house, accidentally discovered him, and compelled her husband to get up and give up his bed to him.

Once, when on a sick call toward Pyramid Lake, a portion of the Truckee Meadows were flooded where the old road meandered. He kept on until he was equally distant from the land on every side. Soon the horse began to swim, having lost footing, and few can imagine the horrors of that journey, it being dark and late. Wet as he was he had to go ten miles yet, notwithstanding the coolness of the night and condition of his clothes.

On another occasion he had to ride twenty-five miles during the night to attend a dying woman. Having arrived at the house, the husband of the woman met him at the door, presenting a revolver, and swore all sorts of oaths that no —— priest should enter his house. After some parleying the cruel husband was on his back and the priest had possession of the revolver and fuil sway in the house, where he discharged his religious duties toward the dying woman.

The unadorned narrative of his journeyings to Fort Churchill, the Truckee Meadows, Eagle, Carson and Washoe Valleys, and of the hardships endured during the day, and the perils met with at night would suffice to fill a volume. One night, when about eighty miles from Virginia City, he lost his way through the brush, and was warmly welcomed by the Piutes, who afterwards guided him to the house of the sick person who was awaiting his ministrations.

During an excitement at Auburn over the possession of a mine, when blood promised to flow like water, Bishop Manogue was in the thick of the fray, endeavoring to prevent a breach of peace. Colonel O'Connor was in possession of the mine, and when a new set of officers was sent to succeed him and those under his charge, O'Connor vowed that he would not let them. The sheriff and his deputies had surrounded the place, and Bishop Manogue finally induced O'Connor to surrender, riding with him to Glendale, surrounded on every side by rifles and knives.

Among the best friends on the Comstock of Father Manogue were John Mackay and Mrs. James G. Fair. During the troubles of the latter with her husband, he took the lady's side of the case, and it is said dictated the terms of her seperation. Mrs. Leland Stanford always held him in the highest esteem, and in the Cathedral at Sacramento is a copy of Raphael's "Madonna and the Child" from the original in the possessien of the Emperor of Austria, made at the order of Mrs. Stanford for tne bishop. Mrs. E. B. Crocker presented to the Cathedral as a gift to the bishop, a set of stained glass windows in which are depicted the Stations of the Cross. D. Lubin, the Sacramento merchant, a Hebrew of the most orthodox type was a great admirer of the bishop, and he signified his appreciation of him by the presentation of some elegant carvings.

Bishop Manogue's one great hobby was the beautifying of the Cathedral. His last present was a peal of bells, which it was his intention to increase to a chime ere long. At the present time workmen are engaged in frescoing the interior, and to this work as far as he was able the Bishop gave his personal supervision.

The Bishop was also a great lover of flowers particularly roses, and was an expert in their varieties. He was plain and simple in his tastes, and found his keenest enjoyment in riding around Sacramento in the electric cars.

THE FUNERAL.

Solemn Pontifical High Mass of Requiem will be celebrated on Tuesday by Archbishop Riordan at Sacramento. Bishop Scanlan of Salt Lake, will assist in the ceremonies, and Bishod Montgomery will be present if his health will permit him to travel.

Undoubtedly the funeral will be one of the most imposing ceremonies ever seen at Sacramento, for in that city there is not a man, woman or child who did not love Bishop Manogue. Of course all the clergy of the diocese will be present, and many from this and the southern diocese also. A large delegation of the prominent citizens of Nevada will also attend the services.

The interment will be at the cemetery in accordance with Bishop Manogue's deire to be laid to rest among his people. Under the altar in the Cathedral is a crypt-like space, which at one time it was thought the Bishop had intended as his last resting place. He, however, set that idea at rest by indicating his preference for the cemetery, in which he not long ago selected the plot.

POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR.

Speculation is already rife as to who will succeed the venerable and venerated Bishop. The choice will first devolve upon the prieets of the diocese, who will select three names and forward them to Rome, endorsed with the order of their preference. Then the Bishops of the province, Archbishop Riordan and Bishop Montgomery, of Los Angeles, and Scanlan, of Salt Lake, will also signify their preferences, and the choice will be made in Rome. In the meanwhlle, Vicar-General Lynch will discharge the duties of administrator.

If the people of Sacramento had a say in the matter, Rev. Father Grace, who for over twelve years has been rector of the Cathedral, would undoubtedly be elevated to the purple. Rev. Father Coleman, of Marysville, has also been spoken of as a possible successor.

Should a choice be made outside of the Sacramento diocese, it would undoubtedly fall upon Rev. P. Scanlan, of St. Joseph's Church, or upon Rev. P. C. Yorke, Chancellor of this Archdioccse, whom all recognize as being in the direct line for promotion. His youth is probably a potent factor for consideration. With Father Scanlan, however, everything is in his favor. For years, before his transfer to this city, Father Scanlan was pastor of St. Rose's Church in Sacramento, and is well acquainted there. Besides he is a man of vast experience, shrewd and observant, mature in years, and in every way qualified for the position. His long residence in the Capital well qualifies him for an understanding of the needs of the people.

Another possibility might be the advancement of Bishop Scanlan of Salt Lake, to the See of Sacramento, a change in itself of considerable moment. His present diocese only contains a Catholic population of 8,000, while the Sacramento diocese is credited with three times as many. It is also much further advanced in all other respects. In this way the new bishop might be consecrated for the See of Salt Lake.

Lent.

The penitential season is again upon us—reminding us that when all is told the great purpose of life is to save our souls. The lenten regime indicates that the road of salvation, according to the Holy Gospel, is away from the primrose paths of life. When we proceed upon the theory that we are to find our happiness in this life, we are moving in a wrong direction.

So Lent has its injunctions against pleasures and indulgences, against comfort and ease and against irregularities of conduct. We are commanded to mortify ourselves in the matter of diet—also in the matter of onr diversions and amusements. The regime of self-discipline must also extend to cultivating the virtues of patience, humility, unworldliness and a liking for things spiritual. This can be done only by prayer, fasting and alms-deeds.

So Christians may by an exercise of will moved thereto and sustained by grace become dead to their old selves and the old vanities of their former ways of living. This is the "conversion" that the coming of Lent undoubtedly works in those who will thus labor spiritually. The world is full of people getting better.

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

And they do rise. St. Augustine at the age of thirty-three, after years of worldlines and sin, was turned to a saintly and devout life by the the spectecle of other conversions. He saw what many of us fail to see, that the wise are also the good, and that there are generations of people who are not neglecting the great concerns of life.

It is a well known fact that worldly Catholics enjoying the luxuries of wealth and idleness, are the first to find the burden of fasting too onerous. They should remember God is not deceived, though they may deceive those from whom they veek dispensation and cheat themselves into the idea such dispensation relieves them from mortification. How deplorable to see see such Catholics contrary to the practice and spirit of the Church giving dinners, parties and indulging in every kind of amusement at the time her devout children are leading a penitential life.

Work of a Monk.

Last September was the fourth centenary of the introduction of bookkeeping by double entry. This great art, upon which modern commerce may be justly said to have been built, was first made public by a Catholic monk, Paccioli, who, on November 10, 1494, published his book, "De Summa Arithmetica" In a chapter of it, entitled "De Computis et Scripturis," the whole system of double entry as now used is described. Paccioli had learned the art when tutor to the sons of a Venetian merchant, and though not by any means the inventor of the system, was the first to make it known to the world. It would be difficult to estimate the far-reaching effects of this publication upon the history and growth of trade. And yet there are many who claim that he monks are lazy and useless.

How dear to our hearts is the cash on subscription, when the prompt paying subscriber presents it to view, but the man who don't pay—we refrain from description, for perhaps, gentle reader, that man may be you.

ROMEWARD.

The Tablet announces that Sir John Honywood of Evington, Ashford, Kent, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Francis Mostyn, who at the same time admitted Sir John's two daughters and his two infant sons.

Rev. R. Saliens, a French Protestant clergyman, wrote lately in the Missionary Review of the World:

"Wherever a notion of a visible universal church is entertained, logic must lead to the Roman Catholic position. But we believe that the main cause of this reaction toward Rome in Protestant lands lies in the fact that the Bible does not hold in those countries the same place that it did three centuries ago. Then people turned away from the infallibility of a man to the infallible Book; but now the Book is no more deemed infallible." The moral to our people is keep insisting on the Church as a visible organic body.

Our Protestant Episcopal brethren contemplate the erection of a cathedral in Washington, D. C. One of its trustees, Rev. G. W. Douglass, thus sets forth its object: "We know it's a great scheme, but we feel the need for it in our national capital, and we are willing to put our shoulders to the wheel and try to make it a reality. The site given for it is near the centre of the city and not far from the capitol. The former owners of the property have told me that it was the site first desired by the Roman Catholics for their university. The merits of a cathedral, as we look at it, are three in number. They are: (1) An Association in labor and a division of labor. (2) Centralization. (3) Education. This is an age of centralization. The Romanist appreciate it and are ready for it. I respect them for it, for their strong organization, their power of devotion, their concentrative energy. And I do not believe that the American Church should propose to rely upon the old idea of parochialism in the face of the Romish Church, its perspicacity, its steadfast devotion and its energy. In the face of organized Romanism we ought to show that Protestantism can be organized." This homage to the organization of the Church, and to the devoted zeal of our children, indicates the points which most strike Episcopalians, and on which we should insist.

"We venture to think the large attendance of men at Trinity Church, New York, is because it is becoming more and more clearly perceived that the Christian religion touches every possible relation of human life, that it contains the solution of every human problem. We believe it is because the merchant is finding out that the precepts of religion are as applicable to him in his counting room as in the family pew—that there is a religion of one hundred cents to the dollar, and sixteen ounces in the pound. We believe that it is because the lawyer is finding out that every righteous and stable system of juri-prudence must be founded upon the principles of divine law, and that the aphorism that 'law is the perfection of human reason' is as falacious as such generalizations usually are." Thus writes the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York. Let truths of this kind be widely spread, and sink deep into the hearts of members of all religious persuasions, and souls will be on the high road to the Mother and Mistress of all churches.

Converts from Anglicanism do owe their strength in dealing with Protestants partly to having been English Churchmen, for this reason they have recognized their own errors and the errors of other Protestants, judging from personal experience, and no amount of university or any other education could have given them this knowledge. It is an advantage which the born Catholic can never acquire, either from books, universities or personal intercourse with Protestants. All converts have it more or less—the laundress and the cultured woman the laborer and the future Cardinal. The mental environment and the mental attitude of Catholics and Protestants are so totally different that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible for those who have not passed from one to the other to understand them.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

The spectator of England commenting on the repeal of the anti-Jesuit Law in Germany, says: "We are always pleased to see a purely mental force defeat a purely physical one; and the resistance of the Papacy to the master of legions has therefore our sympathy. There is not an aagument used by Prince Bismarck against the freedom of the Roman priesthood which is not an equally good argument against the press."

The Apostolic Legate on Clubs.

On the occasion of the banquet of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, the Pope's Legate, Mgr. Satolli, delivered the following remarkable speech:

"The arms of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia appropriately express its character and its aim. In them I see the symbol of heavenly light and the sign of man's redemption by the sacrifice of the Man God, and I read that motto which is a great principle of social life, 'Perfidem libertas.' This is a solemn declaration against the errors of those who think that the spirit of sacrifice is incompatible with generous sentiments, and that a clear, well-defined religious faith is irreconcilable with liberty. A renowned writer in science and political economy—Marin of Belgium—has demonstrated, both by argument and by facts, that justice, charity and sacrifice are the foundation stones of all free and civilized society, and these three elements are peculiarly the basis of all Christian society, and if a Catholic club ought to be a concentration of Christian social life, the Catholic Club of Philadelphia surely corresponds to this Christain ideal.

"Every historical epoch has its special conflict, and from the sixteenth century down to our time, the conflict has been between liberty and authority. It is the office of religious and social truth to establish harmony between these two terms. The excess of social authority leads to oppressions, and the excess of liberty leads to license and the disorganization of the social fabric. The equilibrium of the two constitutes and maintains the life of all society. Proofs are not needed to show that it has ever been the highest glory of the Catholic Church, I do not say to have invented either social authority or social freedom, but to have maintained the equilibrium and established the harmony of the one with the other.

"And this harmony is what is symbolized in the arms of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia. I need not tell you how dear to the heart of the Holy Father is the Church of America. I need not tell you the admiration he has for this great American Republic and all her institutions. His encyclical which we have so lately received tells plainly enough his high regard and tender affection for this country. Among the numerous institutions which meet his approval he commends especially the Catholic clubs, and it is his fervent wish that they should flourish and prosper in every city. This is his desire, because he recognizes the great importance of such organizations. The Catholic club is an organ of communication between men of varying ages and conditions of life, and between the spirit of religion and the spirit of sociability. Moreover, it facilitaties, unifies and strengthens concerted action for the common good, which should never be lacking in religious, domestic and social life. Our Lord said to His disciples that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name He desired to be considered as being in their midst. We might in like manner say of our Holy Father Leo XIII. that he desires to be considered present in all the gatherings held by Catholic clubs. And, therefore, in Catholic clubs a filial affection for the Pope should be cherished in a special manner. The Catholic Club ought to feel that it has a special mission to teach respect for the Pope in the fullness of his dignity and authority, to sustain him on every occasion, and to aid his plans with regard to the Church and society.

"And not only should the Catholic Club universally exhibit the harmony between being a good Catholic and a good citizen, but it should show how one can submit with docility to the teachings of the Pope and sustain at the same time with all his strength the liberties of his country. While then it will remain a happy memory for me that I have taken part in the celebration of your eighteenth anniversary, I shall also be ever persuaded that the Catholic Club of Philadelphia emulates in a special manner other organizations of the kind in its attachments to to the Pope, and in its untiring solicitude to perform all that the Pope desires for the welfare of religion and of society."

Max O'Rell on the Catholic Church in Australia.

In his recently published work, "The Colonial Branches of the firm of John Bull and Co.," Max O'Rell refers to the Catholic Church and clergy in Australia in the following terms:

According to the latest statistics published with the authority of the government, this is how Australia stands with regard to the religion professed by the inhabitants:

Per cent.—Anglicans, 39.10; Catholics 21 10; Presbyterians, 13 00; Wesleyans, 9.50.

One cannot but be struck on reading this list by the progress made and the importance acquired by the Catholic religion in the English colonies. This importance has also struck me in Canada, and the United States, and the Pacific Islands. And yet there is nothing about it when one thinks how easy it must have been for those charitable and devoted priests, who consecrate soul and body to the poor and unhappy, and to the education, and placing out of their children, to win converts among the struggling colonists, hungry for sympathy and always ready to open their hearts to those who lead, like themselves, a life of privations and sacrifices. The life of these priests is so exemplary that Australians of all creeds speak of them with the greatest respect; and when they indulge in criticisms or jokes on the clergy it is never at the expense of a Catholic priest.

The clergy of the Anglican church that aristocratic and wordly institution do not attract the masses. As a rule they themselves seek the best society.

The pastors of the hundred and eighty and odd dissenting churches rival one another in angular and intolerant piety, expending their energies in disputing over the interpretation of Scripture, enemies of the most innocent gaiety, business men on the lookout for an income to maintain a family, often too large, how could such men compete for the affection and respect of the masses with the Catholic priest, full of native gaiety, the innocent good humor, and the simple ardor, which are so often found in the people who pass their lives in contributing to the happiness of others, and in leading a life of complete self-abnegation and untiring devotion.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, silver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelryhouse of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size for either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasers.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome, illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fiish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

RUSSIA'S ARISTOCRACY.

It Embraces a Million Noblemen and Princesses Who Are Shopgirls.

Russia possesses 650,000 nobles without counting 350,000 whose titles are not hereditary. Among the Russian nobility there are many of foreign origin. The Russian social code recognizes four categories or estates (soslovia)—that is to say, nobles, priests, town dwellers and peasants. The character of their employment distinguishes these classes from one another. Each is dependent on the czar for all its privileges, and the emperor has absolute power to change the condition of his subjects from a nigh to a low estate. None of these classes possesses either a historical, a political or a social individuality.

The Russian aristocracy is deprived of political importance, and it cannot boast of such chivalrous qualities as distinguished the French nobles. For the present it lacks sufficient good sense or education to play any part in public life. Russian aristocrats all desire to be considered as direct descendants of the Boyars, merely because it is pleasant to be such, and thus get a position of social superiority. Their ambition goes no higher. The Boyars, like the feudal western landowners, are the descendants of the men who of old composed the Russian prince's army. The members of the Russian aristocracy have in great part retained their places at court, so that there can be encountered most of the old historic names. Children of both sexes inherit the titles of their parents.

The Russian aristocracy is distinguished by overweening pride and haughtiness, and at the same time there is often united to this, in a bizarre contrast, a certain snobbishness. Access to the circles of high society is very difficult. It is only possible to penetrate into them if well born and well connected. The Russians rarely abandon their titles, being too proud of them to quit them easily. A marriage between a poor gentleman and a rich stranger, or vice versa, is considered in this country as a shameful mesalliance, and the couple would not be received in the aristocratic salons of the capital. Tolstoi, as well as Prince Maschersky, director of the newspaper Grajdanine, has given in his novel very exact and graphic descriptions of Russian high life. But with all their innate pride the Russian great folk have never looked upon work as degrading. Thus, if need be, they will adopt with ease and without mauvaise honte any offices, any public charges. There is at St. Petersburg a prince who serves in the custom house, and many nobles and titled men become professors, schoolmasters, even actors. In a pastry cook shop at Moscow some princesses of high blood serve behind the counter. Others will become governesses, companions, housekeepers, telegraph clerks—in fact, will adopt any employment that may turn up.—Leisure Hour.

Goodhart's Joke.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodhart as she handed her husband his cup of coffee across the breakfast table, "I realize that we simply must economize, and I'm willing to do my part. I've thought of one way of economizing already."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Goodhart.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a good sewing machine and plenty of time, and if you'll select the cloth I'll cut and make you that new pair of trousers you want my own self and save—why, Henry Goodhart, what is the matter with you? Mercy! The man is going into a fit. Here, Jane, bring some water! Go for the doctor, somebody! Help me to support him and keep him from falling out of his chair. What can the matter be? It looks like apoplexy. There! He breathes easier and has opened his eyes. Now, Henry, dear, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing, only a sudden faintness. I'll get over it in a few minutes, and I—I—was just joking when I said that we had to begin economizing somewhere, only joking, my dear."—Detroit Free Press.

Boadicea's Undiscovered Tomb.

Boadicea's tomb still remains undiscovered. Mr. Read of the British museum has had the trench dug several feet beyond the center of the tumulus on Parliament hill without having found anything to show for whom that particular burying mound was raised. So far the net result of the county council's quest has been a leaden musket ball and some chips of china, but both of these are modern jetsam. There are indications, though, that a portion of the ground was disturbed about a century ago.

For the rest the soil remains as it was in the beginning, heaped up, as there is no doubt was the case, for the purpose of interring some distinguished personage. It is not uncommon, it seems, even in undisturbed "barrows," to draw a blank, for the rain and the slow processes of nature completely destroy all vestiges of human remains that may have been buried in them.—London Telegraph.

A Cold Weather Veil.

A cold weather veil that is a good substitute for the flimsy illusion is one of the finest cobweb crape. This material comes in various light shades for veiling and is much more becoming than net or tulle. These veils may be washed, if the thrifty wearer desire, in a light suds, made of clear water and a little castile soap. Don't rub the delicate stuff, but squeeze gently and rinse in clear water, to which a drop or two of white mucilage have been added. Dry carefully pinned down on a pillow.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch.

Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir!

Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.—Chicago Record.

The battle of the Moat was a conflict before Medina between Mohammed and Abu Sofian. It was so called because most of the fighting was done in the moat that Mohammed had dug to protect the city from the besiegers.

UNCONSCIOUS MONOLOGISTS.

They Are Victims of the Difficulty of Hearing Oneself Think In Gotham.

"I cannot say whether I shall make any detailed and professional use of my observations," said a neurologist, "but I do not mind telling you in a general way that New Yorkers are fast becoming a race of unconscious monologists—that is, of talkers to themselves without knowing it. Go down into the business quarter of the city and just watch the people there. I have not got my percentages together yet, but it is safe to say roundly that you will see nearly half the people exhibiting some of the forms of the disease, for of course it is a disease. They are either moving their lips, wagging their heads, puckering their eyebrows, making gestures with their hands or doing something, while in a great number of cases they are busy carrying on imaginary conversations between themselves and somebody else, laying down the laws with much emphasis, reading the riot act to some one or else meeting imaginary issues with circumstantial replies.

"You will see men doing the same thing in hotel lobbies, in the street cars and on the up town thoroughfares. Women are falling into the habit also, but not so much as men. The other day, while I was waiting for my coupe, I sat at the office window, and I declare that out of the 75 people who passed eight were showing some signs of monologania.

"Of course the primal cause of the disease is that we never allow our minds any period of repose. We are so eternally full of plans and schemes that anything like a quiescent mood is unknown, and that condition of morbid mental activity supervenes, which in turn is followed by a distinct weakening of the censory cells, of which condition self communication is always one of the symptoms.

"At the same time it must not be overlooked that undoubtedly much of the habit is due to the fact that this city is so thundering full of noise that one cannot hear oneself think, and so people have to think aloud."—New York Sun.

A Man of Prudence.

The cowboy was sitting in a chair tilted back against the shady side of the saloon taking it easy when one of his friends came by.

"Hello, Dick!" he said. "What's this story about the barkeep over the way callin you a liar yisterday and bullyraggin you around fer an hour er more?"

"That's what he done," admitted Dick boldly.

"What did you let him do it fer?"

"I had my reasons."

"'Fraid of him?"

Dick jumped up.

"Hold on there, pard," he said "You ain't in the same fix that the barkeep was, and it ain't safe."

"Don't you worry about me. What about the barkeep?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Dick. "The barkeep was negotiatin fer a policy on his life fer $10,000 in favor of his widder. The business wasn't settled till this mornin. Now it's in workin order, an I'm goin over after awhile and give him a chance to bullyrag me some more. Then I'll go round and have a little talk with the widder. You must think I'm a chump that can't see past the end of my nose."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Suit of Clothes.

A Barnesville lawyer appeared before his friends in a new and costly suit of clothes recently. When he named the price, a bystander exclaimed:

"Whew! I haven't had that much cash in a month of Sundays."

"Cash!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why, I got it on credit, and I shan't lose any sleep if I never pay for it. I think turn about's fair play, and the other fellow can afford to do without it." And, lifting himself to his full height and buttoning his coat across his chest, he continued: "No, gentlemen, I never intend to wear a shabby suit. A man just can't afford to do it. Nobody has any respect for shabbiness. Why, I couldn't gain a case if I wore shabby clothes if I had the eloquence of a Demosthenes or Cicero, not if all the law and the prophets were on my side. A jury just wouldn't respect me enough to listen to me, and the judge himself would give his decision according to my outward appearance. No, sir, a man can't afford to wear shabby clothes."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dog Is Not Bad Eating.

There is actually nothing in the flesh of the dog that is distasteful or repulsive. Lewis and Clark, the explorers, who learned to eat it through compulsion, actually became fond of it in time. It is not generally known that it is still a favorite article of diet among certain people, but a French paper says that the number of dogs slaughtered at the abattoirs in Munich has increased amazingly in the past few months. The taste for dog flesh is said to have been imported by Italian laborers, who have recently come in large numbers to the Bavarian capital. The meat is used not only as an adulterant for sausages, but is eaten openly, under its own name, prepared in various ways.—Christian Advocate.

Soothing.

Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering from nervous prostration.

Madam—Yes, sir.

Doctor—And he needs something to quiet him. What is his business?

Madam—He is a waiter, sir.

Doctor—Well, slip a few pence into his hand every two hours during the night, and I'll call again in the morning. Good day.—London Tit-Bits.

The battle of Wartburg is no deadly conflict, but an annual singing contest for a prize founded by Hermann, margrave of Wartburg, in the twelfth century.

The Mississquoi, in Vermont, took its name from the abundance of waterfowl. The word means "many ducks."

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The Apostolic Legate on Clubs.

The current number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, reviewing the missionary work of the past year, says:

In the far East, the Paris Society of Foreign Missions, the foremost in peril and in honor, has registered more than 30,000 adult conversions and nearly 200,000 infant baptisms. The grands seminaries of its seven-and-twenty vicariates number 18,000 students. And what we say of the Paris foreign missions we can say also of the Jesuits who in Madur and at the Kiang-Nan, with zeal as enlightened as active, are establishing flourishing Christian centers; of the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity, who, even at Pekin, have succeeded in gaining the esteem and regard of the Emperor himself; of the Belgian missionaries, who in Mongolia are stronger than their trials and persecutions; of the sons of St. Francis of Assisi add St. Dominic, and of the Milan Fathers, who in India and the poor and remote districts of China are making themselves loved and respected. The members of the last-named society suffered a great loss last September by the death of Mgr. Raimondi who had ruled the Hong-Kong mission for twenty years.

The devotedness of all our missionaries is equal to the greatest trials. Is there a plague, as at Canton; are there floods, as in Tonquin; is there war, as in Siam and Corea? Where there is misery to soothe or the cry of pain to be heard, there are our apostles; and a Father Ambrose in Madura, and a Father Jozeau in Corea, will shed their blood while praying for their murderers.

Africa remains the field where missionaries and explorers meet, and we are able to assert that our missionaries are happy when they find an opportunity of laying their experience of the country at the service of intrepid travelers. Thus Mgr. Augouard was one one of the most valuable auxiliaries of M. de Brazza; Father Hacquard, one of the spiritual sons of Cardinal Lavigerie, was guide to the Attanoux Mission in the Sahara; Mgr. Le Roy (a name dear to our readers) went this year again to explore among the unknown tribes of the Gaboon and found them ripe for the Apostolate; and thus did Father Planque's priests, of the African Missions of Lyons, aided by the Sisters of the same congregation sustain in Dahomey the Church's renown.

While the vanguard of the apostolic army is securing new conquests for the Church, other soldiers keep watch and ward in the lands already evangelized. Among the Catholic Copts, the Jesuit and the native clergy combine their forces in order to supply this venerable portion of the Church with young and well educated pastors; sixteen priests—among them nine doctors of philosophy or theology—already form a select corps for combating error and spreading the reign of truth. Amongst the Kabyles, a hospital—opened under the patronage of France, and carried on by Cardinal Lavigerie's White Sisters—attests the marvelous power exercised by the united action of the cross and sword to the advantage of civilization; and these same Sisters have this year pushed their caravans to the regions of the Great Lakes. As regards the White Fathers, amid the consolations they derive from their neophytes of the Victoria Nianza, they have been forced to bow before accomplished facts. England, mistress of the greater part of the kingom of Mesta, expressed her desire that the Catholic missionaries there might be of her nationality; Rome, ever wise, and seeking in human events only the spiritual good of the nations, has granted this request, and soon mission, aries from Mill Hill will enter upon a portion of the land opened up by the sons of the great French Cardinal. At the moment of writing these lines a terrible storm is threatening the Madagascar mission. It at least serves to show forth once again the courage of our missionaries. Whilest all European residents are leaving Tananarivo and hastening for refuge to the coast stations, the Jesuit Fathers have remained in the capital to support their faithful neophytes in the time of danger. May God design to ward off all evil from the shepherds and the sheep of this fair mission.

In Oceania the Marist Fathers continue to gather up the inheritance of Blessed Chanel. Whosoever his brethen bear the word of the Gospel, the Martyr's prayer precedes them, and, be it in the Fiji Islands or in Central Oceania, softens the manners of tribes that were formerly cannibals. Similar hopes arise as regards the labors of the Issoudum Fathers of the Sacred Heart. Their missions, twice abandoned and twice resumed by different congregations, are at length emerging from the arduous stage. God smiles upon those who courageously endure poverty, sickness, and—what is more cruel—a seeming unfrutfulness. To-day these tribes are calling for more numerous laborers, and the young Society of Issoudon, aided by its allies, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, is, in spite of poverty, meeting with success that does not visit the preachers of heresy.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

Archdiocese of San Francisco.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispenced, bound to observe the tast of lent.

2. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days of obligation on one meal.

3. By dispensation granted August 3d, 1887, for ten years, Flesh Meat is allowed at the principal meal on all days of Lent, except Wednesdays, Fridays, Ember Saturday and the Saturday of Holy Week.

4. The use of Flesh Meat and Fish is forbidden at the same meal, even on Sundays.

5. At the collation it is permitted to use bread, all kinds of fruit, vegetables and fish, and, by dispensation granted February 8th, 1887, for ten years, the use of butter, cheese, milk and eggs is also permitted.

6. The use of Lard is permitted in preparing food on all days throughout the year.

7. When the principal meal cannot be taken at mid-day it may be taken in the evening, and the collation in the morning.

8. All persons under twenty-one years or over sixty years of age, those who are engaged in hard labor, the sick and convalescent, and those who cannot fast without injury to their health, are exempt from the obligation of fasting.

9. Those who have any reasonable doubt as to their obligation to fast or abstain should consult their Confessor.

11. The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion extends in the Archdiocese from the first Sunday in Lent to the end of the Octave of Pentecost.

12. The Rectors of the Diocese are requested to have Lenten Devotions in their churches on the Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings of each week.

PATRICK W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

N. B.—According to the decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, a collection will be taken up on the first Sunday in Lent at all the Masses, and at Vespers, for the Missions among the Indians and Negroes.

A Romantic Incident.

The most romantic incident in the life of the late venerable Archbishop Kirby was his competition for a prize offered by the Seminary of Sant' Apollinare for the best theological thesis. The prize was won by a student named Joachim Pecci, with young Kirby a close second. When Joachim Pecci became Pope, under the name of Leo XIII., he did not forget his former rival; and the friendship begun in the seminary continued uninterrupted until the recent death of Archbishop Kirby, at Rome, in his ninety-second year. In this competition the contestants were obliged, for the sake of impartiality, to sign not their name but a motto; and it was characteristic of the Irish student's devotion to the Blessed Virgin that he chose the legend, "And the name of the Virgin was Mary." For nearly sixty years he served first as vice-rector and afterward as rector of the Irish College at Rome, not the least valuable of his services to the students being the example of his prayerful and laborious life. He wrote little, but his volume of "Meditations" is still in high favor with ecclesiastics. R. I. P.—(Ave Maria.

The College of Cardinals.

The "Gerarchia Cattolica" for the year 1895, which has just been published, informs us that of the Cardinals created by his Holiness Pope Pius IX. nine are still living, and fifty-two members of the Sacred College, as now constituted, were elevated to purple by the present Sovereign Pontiff. There are, then, at the present time nine vacant hats. There are only twenty-eight foreign Cardinals. One hundred Cardinals have died during the pontificate of Leo XIII., who himself has created ninety of the Sacred College. Four of those who died during the present pontificate were created by Pope Gregory XVI., forty by Pope Pius IX. and forty-seven by Pope Leo XIII.

HELEN'S TIMID LOVER.

And How the News of Her Engagement Was Broken to Him.

She had a belief in her charms which never wavered, but sometimes she prattled too much for her own good. She pounced upon a friend in the dressing room at a reception.

"How awfully nice you are looking!" she said. "Do you know, I just dread to go down stairs."

"I don't see why. Those sleeves are enough to make a bride envious."

"Yes, but do you know if Harry Sweeting is here tonight?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you see, I accepted Curtis today."

"But what has that to do"—

"Oh, dear! Everything. I am afraid that he will feel just awfully, and I'm so tender hearted that"—

"Did you see this morning's paper?"

"No. Were a lot of bargains advertised? You see, I had a note from Curtis by the first mail. He said he would call in the afternoon, and I was so busy getting ready that I never thought of the paper. But about Harry. He has been coming down our street twice a day for the last six months. At first he would just pass on the other side of the street, pretending not even to glance at our house"—

"Oh, he was"—

"Timid? That was it. I felt really touched by such silent devotion, and after that I would often tap on the window and call him over, but he would be so nervous and ill at ease all the time. Why, he would not even look at me, but keep glancing down the street all the time. By the way, he must have passed your house; did you ever see him?"

"No. He never passed. He"—

"Must have stopped in at his uncle's in the middle of the block."

"But, Helen, a man who"—

"Yes, as you say, a man who is really in love is always shy. Poor fellow, I hope he will not feel that I have trifled with his affections."

"Oh, no. He"—

"Oh, he never would really blame me, I know, but the doglike, speechless affection is really very touching."

"Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry"—

"Yes, I'm sorry for him too. I really can't tell him of my engagement. Couldn't you manage to tell him gently for me?"

"Why, certainly. I'll tell him right away."

"Do, if you see him. Are you going down now? Au revoir, then."

"Oh, Helen," called another girl. "I suppose Fanny was telling you of her engagement, wasn't she? When is the wedding to be?"

"Is Fanny engaged?"

"Yes, the morning paper announced it. She's taken Harry Sweeting at last, and I'm glad of it. I'm tired of seeing him pass every day on his way to her house. Aren't you going down now? I should think you would want to show that lovely gown."

But Helen only wanted to go away into the desert and hide.—Chicago Tribune.

Growing Miniature Trees.

It is vastly interesting to experiment with an acorn and study its possibilities as an attractive window garden plant. One of the most popular methods of starting it into growth is to suspend it by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass. It should be permitted to remain suspended in this manner without being disturbed, and after a time it will burst and throw a root into the water and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this manner in the window is a very interesting object. Several oak trees and also a chestnut tree have been noticed growing thus, but they are liable to die after a few months, probably owing to the fact that the water is not changed often enough to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it, but the interest displayed in the short lived little trees is well worth the trouble of experimenting.—Philadelphia Record.

Solomon's Temple.

"These stories about the beauty of the temple at Jerusalem must be taken with a grain of salt," said Dr. Solomon Schindler. "We must remember that at no time were there more than 50,000 or 60,000 people in Jerusalem, and that they lived in small, low roofed huts and had narrow streets, and that their surroundings were anything but beautiful. The temple was not larger than Mechanics' hall nor more beautiful than the Park Street station, but to people who had such surroundings as the Jews at that time such buildings would be things of great beauty by comparison. We must judge all things by comparison."—Boston Herald.

An Original Race War.

"Were you ever in a race war, Uncle Jim?"

"Only one time, suh."

"Well, how was it?"

"Hit was dis way, suh: I had de turkey gwine 'long en wuz des ez quiet en could be, but somehow de dog got wind of it, en me en him had de big road fur 'bout a mile, but we finally compermised it."

"And how was that?"

"Oh, I des give de dog de turkey en a pa'r er britches!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Cuttlefish.

The phosphorescent organs of a rare cuttlefish (histioteuthis) from deep water have been investigated by Joubin. It comprises what the author calls a mirror and an apparatus for producing light. The mirror is excited by heat rays, and this, in turn, starts the phosphorescence to action.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A bronze shield, with central boss, a large copper chaldron, bronze knives and several vases were among the treasures found by Schliemann in the ruins of Troy.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE'S GRAVE.

The Most Popular Spot In Trinity Churchyard, New York.

A few days ago passersby in Broadway, looking through the high fence that surrounds Trinity churchyard, saw a slender black gowned girl kneeling by the grave of Charlotte Temple. Her head was bowed in her hands, and she seemed utterly lost to her surroundings. After awhile she arose with a very pale face, walked swiftly through the gates and disappeared in the crowd. She was only one of many devotees at the shrine of the poor girl who died for love. Nobody ever visits Trinity churchyard without pausing for a few minutes before the big brown slab that bears only the name "Charlotte Temple."

"Oh, yes!" said the gray haired old man whose duty it is to see that the ancient tombs are kept in order. "It is the most popular grave in the yard. I have been here going on 17 years now, and there have been very few days in good weather when the grave has not had a visitor. Several times I have seen women come here and stand in the cold and sleet and snow looking at the tomb. Somehow they always look as if they were in trouble.

"Seven or eight years ago I began to put potted flowers, geraniums and the like on the grave, and I have kept it up every summer since. It is mainly to mark the grave, so that visitors can find it. It is the only grave in the yard that has flowers on it. Otherwise the people would bother me to death. When they ask me where the grave of Charlotte Temple is now, I simply tell them that it is over on the west side with some potted flowers on it. That saves me a deal of trouble.

"Several of the gravestones are crumbling badly and will have to be repaired if the descendants of the dead want to perpetuate their memory. See; here is the oldest grave in the place."

Then the old man swept away a layer of dust from a crumbling gray stone and showed the date, 1681. "We have several that date almost as far back," said he, "but none of them is so popular as that of Charlotte Temple."

Then the ancient attendant tucked his broom under his arm, picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled away among the graves.—New York Herald.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ranier, Shasta, Hood and Other Fine Mountains of the Far Northwest.

About 50 miles south of Tacoma you get a view of the most beautiful mountain peak on the earth's surface, Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, and carry it with you for three or four hours. It rises directly from the tide level to a height of 14,444 feet, unhidden by intervening ranges or foothills, and stands squarely against the sky, the perfection of magnificence, dignity and power. It is two and one-half times as high as Mount Washington, and I believe the highest peak in the world that rises directly from a plain. It is known to us in the east as Mount Ranier and was so called in honor of Admiral Ranier of the British navy, but here they call it Mount Tacoma, the old title given by the Siwash Indians before the white man came. The base is covered with a dense forest of ever living green. Above the timber line the snow is white and smooth and perpetual, and it looks as if it were a solid block of the purest marble.

Mount Tacoma is just two feet higher than Mount Shasta, 297 feet higher than Pike's peak and 400 feet higher than Gardiner's peak. The highest in the United States, Mount Crillon, Alaska, is over 16,000, but an exact measurement has never been taken. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, is 15,327; Mount Whitney, California, is 15,088, and Mount Williams, California, is 14,400

There are several other very beautiful peaks visible from the railway, including St. Helen, 9,750 feet, the patron saint of Portland, around whose head hangs a perpetual halo; Mount Hood, which is a shapely cone, 11,225 feet, which was named in honor of Lord Hood of the British admiralty, and Mount Baker, 10,800 feet, christened in honor of Joseph Baker, one of the lieutenants of Peter Puget, who discovered the sound. Theodore Winthrop has written lovingly about them, and they are the subject of the purest and choicest descriptions that exist in the classic prose of Washington Irving, although I believe he was never nearer them than his home on the Hudson river, 3,000 miles away.—Chicago Record.

The Romance of a Watch.

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Plivee, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were false, and Rossini, who never discovered this pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

A Dog's Palace.

Baron Farnchetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected in his palace at Venice, made throughout of marble. The ceiling is decorated with a splendid mosaic, entitled "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course the kennel is lighted by electricity.—Familienblatt.

Not Her Will.

Agnes—What are you writing, Minnie? Your will?

Minnie—No. I'm writing my won't. George proposed last night, and I told him I'd answer today.—London Sketch.

FRAUDS EXPOSED.

Some of the Tricks of So Called Mind Readers Solved by Dr. Hyslop.

Dr. Hyslop of Columbia college, says a writer in the Boston Herald, has helped to bring down several so called mind readers who have visited New York. The Taylors, a man and woman who gave exhibitions in New York two years ago and convinced nearly every one who saw them of the genuineness of their manifestations, gave a private seance for the benefit of this Columbia professor and some of his scientific friends. They found hidden objects, they picked out cards that had been selected from a pack and then shuffled in again, and all the other familiar tricks, with more than common success, one of them staying in the room and being in the secret, and the other coming in after all was ready and supposedly reading the partner's mind.

All went well until Dr. Hyslop and a confederate took the Taylors aback by announcing that they could do the same things. They had found that the words used by one of the "mind readers" in calling the other into the room were what gave the desired information. It was discovered that by skillful arrangement of not more than six words a surprising amount of information could be conveyed. This is the first time the fact that the Taylors were not genuine mind readers has been made public.

Another "mind reader" exposed by Dr. Hyslop and coinvestigators was Guibal, who gave exhibitions in New York recently and astonished hundreds of persons, most of whom suppose to this day that his tricks were bona fide psychic phenomena. Guibal's assistant was a woman called Greville, who sat on the stage, and who, so far as could be seen for a long time, gave him absolutely no sign of what was in her mind. Guibal apparently read that mind as if it were an open book. The whole thing was found to be a trick, and the explanation is now in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research. It is believed that Guibal and Greville were the same persons whose performances had amazed London not long before. The woman breathed very heavily, and the code of signals lay in the manner of her breathing, messages being conveyed by long and short breaths, something like the dots and dashes in the Morse telegraph code.

CURIOUS TEA PARTIES.

The Odd and Eternal Little Functions That Are Held In Pearl Street.

There is an everlasting tea party in function on Pearl street, near Hanover square. An aroma of freshly steeped leaves fills the air all the week, and following your nose to the cause you will find it pointing down to little gloomy basements where teacups are perpetually spread. They are all plain white cups, and there is no display of tablecloth or dainty cakes—just plain tea. And the methods of the tea parties that foregather there are just as plain and unceremonious.

They generally consist of old gentlemen of severely respectable appearance, and when these old parties feel like it they go down the basement steps and take a pinch of tea out of a caddy or suacer, or whatever it may be kept in, and put it in the cup and pour a little hot water on it, but never any milk or sugar. And then, despite their eminently respectable air, they dip their fingers in the cups and stir the tea leaves about or maybe fish out a leaf and unroll it. sometimes putting it in their mouths and chewing it.

But, strangest thing of all, they never drink their tea after all the trouble they have taken with it. In fact, they seem to take a strong dislike to the infusion as soon as it is before them. Sometimes they sniff at it, and if ever they take it into their mouths they do but roll it around and spit it out. Moreover, they will do the same things with half a dozen cups in succession until Dr. Johnson—unless he knew the reason—would have cried out at the waste of the cheering but uninebriating beverage.

Meanwhile other gentlemen sit also at the table and anxiously watch all this sniffing and spitting, for these are the tea tasters and samplers, and this is where tea is bought and sold not by the pound, but by the carload.—New York Sun.

Lucky and Unlucky Vegetables.

Peas and beans are very important plants in folklore, and there are many superstitions connected with them. Peas were favorite instruments for divination. A pea pod with nine peas was equal to a wishbone when placed above the door. In Northamptonshire it is accounted generally lucky to find nine peas in a pod, or kid. In Mecklenburg, Germany, it is believed that peas must be sown early on Wednesday or Thursday, or the birds will carry them off. If they are fed to hens, it is said that fowls will lay well. They must not, however, be eaten during the Christmas holidays nor until after Twelfth day.

Beans were mysterious in antiquity. Pliny says they contain the souls of the dead. The Romans used them in religious ceremonies. They were used in Greece as ballots, and Pythagoras desired his disciples not to "love beans"—that is, not interfere with politics. Our phrase, "You don't know beans," probably means you are no politician. Ovid prescribes beans to expel evil spirits.—Philadelphia Press.

The Place For Shoppers.

"Please bother us! Bother us! Bother us!" is the earnest request which appears on the title page of the catalogue and price list of an enterprising firm of retail grocers in a southern city. 'Tis a bright idea. They can well afford to be pestered with inquiries as to quality, price, etc. The only thing that they fear is to be let alone.—Merchants' Review.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of 20 miles an hour and keep it up for half a day.

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Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.

Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.

Full Cream Cheese, 10c. per lb.

Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.

Eastern hams, 12½c. per lb.

Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.

15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.

Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.

Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.

Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.

Port Wine, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.

Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.

Sherry, 75c. $1, and $1.50 gal.

Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of March.

First Sunday in Lent.

Nortre Dame des Victoires, San Francisco.

All Saints, Haywards.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, March 9th 1895.

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Mar. 3. Sunday—1st in Lent.—S. Cunegunda, V. Empress. (Germany, 1040)

Mar. 4. Monday—S. Casimir. King (Poland)

Mar. 5. Tuesday—S. John Joseph of the Cross—B. Paul Navarro, S. J., and Comp. M. M.

Mar. 6 Wednesday—Ember Day.—S. Colette, (Reformer of Poor Clares.)

Mar. 7. Thursday—S. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor—H. G.

Mar. 8. Friday—Ember Day.—Holy Crown of Thorns.—S. John of God.

[illegible] Frances of Rome

Notice to Subscribers.

All persons holding receipts for subscriptions signed by H. E. Swales are requested to communicate with this office. He is no longer authorized to receive or receipt for moneys due the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Evils of Mixed Marriages.

In our last issue we showed the vehement repugnance Rome has ever manifested against the marriage of Catholics with non-Catholics. We speak of baptized non-Catholics, for with the unbaptized a marriage is not even valid. The dispensation for a mixed marriage is given with great reluctance, and for grave reasons. It is never granted except on the condition that the Catholic party shall enjoy perfect freedom to exercise the Catholic religion, and that all children born shall be brought up in the Catholic faith. Further at the marriage ceremony, there can be neither nuptial Mass nor nuptial blessing.

All this ought to convince the Catholic Home Journal that Rome having spoken in language the plainest, all discussion thereon is closed. Our duty is to listen to the earnest appeal of some and if possible strengthen the hands of the bishops, "Wherefore we earnestly request of your charity, that you strive and put forth your efforts as far as in the Lord you can to keep the faithful confided to you from these mixed marriages, so that they may cautiously avoid the perils which are found in them."

The sad experience of the evil consequences of such mixed marriages is the same the world over. It produces in many instances rank discord. "How the married pair, with their minds taking opposite directions about the faith can agree well in other things, let anyone consider. Having no feelings in common about religion, which is the chief object and the ruling principle of life, how shall they communicate with each other on equal terms upon the subordinate concerns of life?"

Or, to avoid this rancour, silence about religion obtains, and with it there is generated indifference which is perpetuated in the family producing weaklings in the faith. Even worse consequences have ensued, the Catholic party and the children have completely lost the faith. We boast our ten million members of Holy Church in the States, but we ought to have twenty. A very large portion of that loss has come from mixed marriages.

This danger which besets the Catholics in other English speaking lands, may in this country bear still more pernicious fruit. The facilities given for divorce, would, with the additional bitterness of religious strife, augment the ways and means for severing the marriage tie, and breaking up home. What this means to the Catholic, the Catholic alone can understand.

It will be readily admitted that sometimes the Catholic party does convert the Protestant after marriage. All bishops and priests of the greatest experience bear witness this is the exception and not the rule. The inspired words of St. Paul are: "For how knowest thou O Woman whether thou shalt save the husband? Or how knowest thou O man whether thou shalt save the wife?"

Seeing then that the Church has always reprobated these marriages, "because of the disgraceful communion of divine things, the peril of perversion impending over the Catholic, and the perverse training of the children," it is not by opening its columns to discussion, the Catholic Home Journal can stem the growing current of evil. No; urge in season and out of season, that our youths be better instructed and enlightened, as Propaganda demands, on the sacredness of matrimony and on the dangers consequent on mixed marriages. Let them be warned and armed against the dangers of intimacy with non-Catholics; let them arm themselves with with the buckler of salvation if they are so to commingle; lead them to trust to the frequentation of the Sacraments and prayer for support.

St. Joseph.

The history of the Church witnesses to the striking fact, that devotions spring up to counteract the baneful influences of heresy or of liberalism. The piety of the Church becomes the shield as well as the manifestation of her true faith. This is strikingly illustrated in our own day. The Incarnation and the Living Church have been most assailed. And the spirit of God who listeth where He willeth, has developed the arms to aid the faithful in this warfare. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the new impetus to the devotion of the Sacred Heart, to the Stations of the Cross, to the Holy Rosary, to shrines of our Lady, of Paray le Monial and others, have redounded to the adoration of the Word made Flesh.

The increased love of the Holy See, which has made the Pope and the Holy Father's name a household thought and word in every family, as well as an irrepressible fact even in the non-Catholic press of the world. has been brought about by the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, by the universal collection of Peter's Pence consequent on the robbery of the Temporal Sovereignty. This increased devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff, has made the Church, the City of God seated upon a high mountain, with her divine authority a constant object of observation to friend and foe.

The increased devotion to St. Joseph, the foster father of our Lord, the spouse of Blessed Mary, the Guardian and Protector of the Holy Family, is one more manifestation and resource of the principle enunciated above. Pius IX of glorious memory decreed in 1870 on the day sacred to the Immaculate Virgin, "to commit to the most powerful patronage of the Holy Patriarch, Joseph, both Himself and all the faithful, and solemnly declared him Patron of the Catholic Church." The Holy Father was moved thereto, because "at this most sorrowful time the Church herself is beset by enemies on every side and oppressed by heavy calamities, so that impious men imagine that the gates of Hell are at length prevailing against her, therefore the Venerable Prelates of the whole Catholic Church have presented to the Sovereign Pontiff their own petitions and those of the faithful of Christ confided to their care, praying that the Pope would vouchsafe to constitute St. Joseph, Patron of the Catholic Church."

The glorious results of this patronage are visible to all. Never more than now has the sound of the Church reached the furthermost parts of earth. Never has the heart of the episcopate beat more in unison with the Bishop of Bishops. Never has the whole body of of the faithful received more sincerely the teachings of the Holy See.

In this the month of St. Joseph, we can intensify still more, love, imitation, and prayer to him whom the Saviour of the world condescended to be known as the Son of Joseph.

Catholic Citizenship.

Bishop Watterson of Columbus addressed a large enthusiastic meeting of the Y. M. C. Association on Christian Citizenship. The climax of his address which had been listened to in wrapt attention for one hour and ahalf was the following:

"While I am uncompromising in the matters of my faith, and inflexible in those lines of conduct which depend on the principles of faith, and while I would deserve the contempt and scorn of every right-minded man if I were recreant to my conscience in these things which I hold as truths, yet I know of no doctrine of the Catholic Church which prohibits or prevents me from working for the good of my fellow men, no doctrine which interferes with my allegiance to the Government and laws of my country. On the contrary, I know that the whole teaching of my religion requires me to be true to my country and its Government, and to promote its honor by the faithful discharge of all the duties of American citizenship, and all of you know it too, if you knew my religion as well as I do." (Loud applause.)

The recent decree of the Holy Office, confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff condemning by name the secret societies known as the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias, continues to be published in the various dioceses of the United States. The letters of Bishop Junger of Nesqually, Washington, and of Archbishop Corrigan are model episcopal utterances. "Rome has spoken; the case is settled," is first put forth as sufficient ground for dutiful obedience of the children of the Church. This submission being taken for granted, reference is made to the decrees of the Third Council of Baltimore showing the general grounds on which secret societies are in the eyes of the Church unlawful. Bishop Junger then gives the special reason why the three societies mentioned, should not be joined by Catholics, and ends his pastoral by a truth that cannot be too often repeated, "the Catholic Church recognizes only one true religion, and forbids the members to participate in the religious services of another."

We are indebted the courtesy of the Examiner for the cut of Bishop Monogue appearing in this issue.

Bishop Jungur's Pastoral.

The following summary of Bishop Junger's admirable pastorial appeared in this weeks daily press.

In the beginning the document says: "Rome has spoken; the case is settled." The Bishop quotes rules four and five of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. Rule four says: "All those societies are excommunicated which have their own minister or chaplain, their own ritual and their own ceremonies in such a manner as to become a heretic, schismatic sect."

Rule five says: "Any society which requires its members, be it under oath or otherwise, not to reveal its secrets to any one, not even to the ecclesiastical authority, that is the bishop, or which demands, be it under oath or mere promise, from its members a blind and absolute obedience, is forbidden under grievous sin, and the members cannot be absolved until they actually leave the society or promise to do so at once."

Bishop Junger then says: "I think I do not exaggerate when I say that the language in which these two rules are couched is not only most plain and explicit, but also most emphatic. We must conclude after perusing them them that they embrace the whole subject and leave nothing unsaid for our guidauce. The Church, by her very nature, cannot allow her members to join any organization with the aims and objects of which she is unacquainted. Persons who are not Catholics fail to understand the full import of this obligation; it is directly opposed to the teachings of Protestantism. The majority of the members of thse societies are Protestants; the predominating sentiment in them is Protestantism. The Church cannot approve or sanction anything that has the character of Protestantism about it, though she loves and yearns for the soul of the individual Protestant."

Speaking of the Masonic Order the letter says: "Irreparable injury has been done, not only to the Catholic religion, but to Catholic nations, by the machinations of the Masons. When they became tainted with the spirit of infidelity then the Catholic Church, which was the only opponent that they feared, was the object of their ceaseless attacks. Today almost all secret societies are infected with liberalism, and it is spreading with fearful rapidity throughout the land."

Archbishop Corrigan on Saturday sent to every priest in the diocese of New York the following letter:

"Reverend Dear Sir: A recent decree of the holy office, confirmed by the sovereign Pontiff, instructs the Bishops of the United States to advise the faithful committed to their charge against affiliation with societies known as the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and the Knights of Pythias, with the further injunction that if Catholics, after such admonition, persist in their connection with any of these societies, and will not give up membership therein, they cannot receive the sacraments. The general reasons on account of which it is unlawful for Catholics to join societies forbidden by the Church will be found in the third plenary council of Baltimore.

"I am, reverend dear sir, very faithfully yours, MICHAEL CORRIGAN,
"Archbishop of New York."

The late Mgr. Michael May, pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, Williamsburg, N. Y., has left a will, in which provision is made for the erection of a large club house for the young and old men of the parish. This was the priest's wish for several years before he died. The money needed for the building is in a bank. The building will be brick and four stories high. The club house will adjoin the church on Montrose avenue.

Will Not Go.

The Catholic News of New York in its latest issue gives publicity to a statement that Right Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has been endeavoring to secure as members of the faculty, Rev. John Zanm, of Notre Dame University and Rev. P. C. Yorke editor of the Monitor and chanceller of this archdiocese.

Speaking of Father Yorke the News says: Arrangements have not yet been completed entirely, but probably will be in a short time, for the transfer of the Rev. John C. Yorke from California to the Catholic University, as Bishop Keane has offered him a position in the new faculty. Father Yorke is one of the most learned of the alumni of the university, and was one of the earliest students. He is at present assistant rector of the St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. Before he can be brought to the university it will be necessary to obtain the permission of Archbishop Riordan, of California. It is expected that this permission will be readily granted, as Archbishop Riordan is a warm friend of Bishop Keane, and is deeply interested in the university. If Father Yorke is transferred to the university he will be sent abroad for the Spring and Summer to complete his studies in order to take his place in the faculty before the opening of McMahon Hall next Fall.

From the best sources of information it is learned that His Grace Archbishop Riordan will not consent to the transfer of the talented young editor, preacher and chancellor. In fact, a denial has been published from Archbishop Riordan in which he said there was "nothing in the story."

A Church Builder.

A typical representative of what has been styled "the church building era" of our country was the late Mgr. May, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Brooklyn. Father May was a native of Bavaria, and in the forty-four years of his priesthood is said to have built twelve large churches and half as many convents and charitable institutions. These are his best monuments. His busy and priestly life bore a rich harvest; and all who appreciate devotedness and self-sacrifice will pray that he who labored so bravely to upbuild God's House on earth may enjoy eternal rest in the "House not made by hands."

FROM AND ABOUT IRELAND.

Next Monday will be the 117th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmett.

* * *

The Augustinian Church, George street, Limerick was recently damaged by fire to the extent of $2500.

* * *

There are 40,000 people in Philadelphia according to the Times who know enough of the Irish language to converse in it.

* * *

During the past three months, the fishing around Donegal Bay has been a complete failure, owing to the weather. The outlook is very bad for the coming season.

* * *

At a meeting of the Irish National Federation, held in New York City on the 17th ult., a series of resolulations condemning the action of John E. Redmond were adopted.

* * *

J. D. Luttreel of Spokane, Wash., has fallen heir to a quarter of an $8,000,000 estate in Ireland, left by his uncle. John Luttreel. He is working at his trade as a cigarmaker, and is in moderate circumstances. The other heirs live at Kincardin, Ont.

* * *

The will of the late John Smith, J. P., of Belfast, pawn-broker and jeweller, who died possessed of considerable property, which he had left chiefly to Catholic charities and purposes, although, as alleged, he was not, up to a short time before his death, a member of the Catholic church, is being contested. The plaintiffs, the Rev. Mark McCashin, parish priest of Lisborn, and William McCormick, have sued as executors. The next-of-kin disputed the will on the ground, amongst others, of undue influence.

Rev. Pere Calendini, a Sicilian Dominican, has invented a new typesetting machine, which is said to have a capacity of setting 50,000 letters per hour, a task equal to the work of over thirty compositors. The difference in speed, as compared with existing machines, lies in the fact that, instead of each letter being made to fall separately into the composing stick, entire words can be composed in an instant by the simultaneous application of the the fingers of both hands.

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LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Patriotic Entertainment at West Oakland.

FATHER LAGAN'S LECTURE.

Mission at the French Church to be Commenced Tomorrow by a Noted Preacher.

West Oakland.

Rev. Hugh Logan, the eloquent pastor of St. Raphael's Church, San Rafael, will deliver the annual oration in St. Patrick, with which Rev. Father McNally is wont to treat his parishioners on St. Patrick's day. As the day falls on Sunday the oration will be delivered in St. Patrick's Church.

The two newly organized societies, the Working Boy's League and the Gentlemen's Sodality, received Holy Communion last Sunday. Both are in a flourishing condition, and both Fathers McNally and Lane are well pleased with the enthusiasm with which those eligible for membership have taken hold of their duties, and the devotion manifested by them in the cause of holy religion.

The Sodalists of the parish, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, gave a musical and literary entertainment in Hansen's Hall on Washington's birthday. It was a success, and every participant in the affair crowned herself with glory. One of the features of the evening, not down on the program, was an address by Father McNally. The reverend speaker, as he dwelt upon his theme, waxed eloquent, and in rounded periods spoke of the lessons to be learned from Washington's life, thrilled his audience. His address abounded in patriotic thoughts and sentiments and was really a most eloquent exerdium on Washington. In a few brief sentences he dilated upon his virtues and then he showed how all could profit by them. Seldom has a more eloquent address been delivered by the beloued pastor of West Oakland.

The following was the program of the entertainment:

Prelude--Piano Duet..Miss Sabina Flanagan and Maggie Sheehan
Recitation.....Miss Jettie Noone
Vocal Chorus.....Sodalists
Recitation.....Miss Josie O'Connell
Vocal Solo.....Miss Emily Wells

"WHICH IS WHICH?"
A Farce in Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lady Davenant.....Miss Mary Hayes
Mrs. Yates.....Miss Mary McNamara
Mrs. Coggle.....Loretto Donnelly
Joan Porter (Mrs. Coggle's Servant).....Miss Mary Flynn
Mrs. Peterkin, Mrs. Rudge } Neighbors of Mrs. Coggle. Misses Alice Murray and Maggie Sheehan
Rose Davenant, alias Mary Yates.....Miss Emily Fletcher
Fanny Marchbanks.....Nora Twomey
Jane Caldwell, Ann Dawson } School Girls { Miss K. McGuinn, Miss B McCarthy
Bessie Fairchild.....Miss Katie Hanley
Mrs. Dimple, School Mistress.....Miss Maggie Sheehan
Baby Davenant.....Miss Marguerite McCarthy

Piano Duet.....Misses Mary and Agnes Farrel
Piano Solo.....Miss Sabina Flanagan
Vocal Quartette, Misses Bridget McCarthy, Estella Long, Kate Hanley and Maggie Sheehan.....
Tableau.....Washington's Family
Piano Solo.....Miss Mary Murray
Tableau.....Ruth and Noemi
Piano Duet. Misses J. Long and N. Callaghan
Tableau.....Flower of the Family
Piano Duett.....Misses M. Murray and E. Long
Tableau.....Goddess of Liberty

Stockton.

For the second time in the past two months a sneak thief has entered St. Agnes Academy; the last time he stole a quantity of feminine wearing apparel belonging to the Sisters and boarders.

In Y. M. I. Hall on Thursday evening of last week, Rev. Father O'Connor entertained at a banquent the twenty-four boys of the choir of St. Mary's Church and the adults of the regular choir. Covers were laid for forty-two guests and an excellent menu was provided. During the repast the orchestra of the Brothers of Mary school rendered a number of choice selections.

After all had partaken of the good things to saticty a musical program was rendered. A medley of comic airs was rendered by the choir. A number of solos and duets followed, all of which won deserved applause. Miss Belle Quinn favored the boys with a vocal solo, and Miss Katie Thomas sang the pretty song "I'm Talking in My Sleep," in her usual style. Rose Castle and Josie Ryan followed with an instrumental duet. and J. L. Phelps ended the program with a beautiful tenor solo.

Father O'Connor then made a few remarks and the entertainment was over.

Stockton Council, Y. M. I., celebrated Washington's Birthday in a fitting manner, in the presence of a large and patriotic audience. The principal feature of the evening was the address of Grand Director, Rev. W. D. McKinnon, whose eloquence struck a responsive chord in the breasts of the immense audience.

The program was opened by an overture of national airs by St. Mary's College orchestra, following which L R. Giovannessi sang a solo and was compelled to respond to an encore. Master Ed. Denvey and chorus sang in splendid voice "Phantom Footlights." A pathetic song, entitled "Ne'er Can My Home be Thine," was ably rendered by Alfred Carroll, assisted by a chorus. Misses Laogier and Fanning followed with a selection on the piano which elicited much applause, and they were compelled to respond to an encore. Miss Nannie McCarthy's sweet voice was heard in "The Star Spangled Banner," after which the Y. M. I. Qurtette, consisting of L. R. Giovanessi, R. Boyce and G. S. Campbell, sang "America," which ended the musical part.

The amount of enthusiasm that was manifested by the audiense showed their appreciation of the affair, and during Father McKinnon's address the profoundest attention was paid to his patriotic remarks, and applause was frequent. The discourse lasted an hour, and embodied in it many historical facts in regard to America's growth and progress during the last 100 years The speaker paid a glowing tribute to the immortal Washington, and highly eulogized the Irish Catholic soldiers who fought for the protection of the stars and stripes, and who helped to win their land of freedom.

St. Ignatius.

The celebration of the Forty Hours' Devotion was commenced on Sunday. As usual, the church was profusely decorated with hangings of red damask. The doors were draped with portieres, and in the subdued light, the effects of the wonderful decorations of the altar were apparent.

The great picture behind the tabernacle was hidden with white silk studned over with gold stars and draped with cloth of gold. This formed a background for hundreds of candles arranged so that the flickering lights outlined Gothic finials and a graceful festoon.

On Sunday Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father H. Imoda, S. J. Father Coltelli was deacon, and Mr. Butler, S. J., sub-deacon. Faconiers's mass, the "Ave Verum of Condi" and the "Pange Lingua" were sung by a large choir of men. The organist was Eugene O'Connell; tenor soloists, David Manloye Jones, Dr. T Morrissey; basso soloists, Gordon Mills, George Vasey Wood; director of the choir, Prof. Van der Kun.

After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession around the church, and then placed in view.

The ceremonies were brought to a close on Tuesday with a Solemn High Mass and processsion.

Notre Dame des Victoires.

A mission will begin at the French Church, Notre Dame des Victoires, on Bush street, the first Sunday in Lent, March 3d, at 10:30 A. M. The Forty Hours' Devotion will begin on the same day.

The preacher will be Rev. Father H. Gross, S. M., late superior of the house of the Marist Fathers, at Paris. For many years he filled the pulpit in some of the largest cities of France—Paris, Lyons and elsewhere.

During the week at 3 P. M. there will be a retreat with sermon and benediction, mostly for married and young ladies. Some of the members of the choir of the Children of Mary will have charge of the music.

Every evening the sermon and benediction at 7:90.

San Rafael.

Next Wednesday evening Rev. J. B. McNally will deliver a lecture on the "Religion of Patriotism," in St. Raphael's Church. Father McNally's renown as a lecturer is too well known to need any comment. An immense congregation is sure to be present to hear him on this all-absorbing topic.

Alameda.

John T. Fleming, the well known attorney, has been re-elected grand treasurer of the State League of Iroquois Clubs.

H. C. Gallagher, '98, of Santa Clara College, is home on a brief visit to his sisters, the Misses B. and R. A. Gallagher.

CATHOLIC—DOMESTIC.

St. Alphonsus Church, Baltimore, will celebrate a golden jubilee in April next.

* * *

St. Joseph's Protectory for Deserving and Homeless Boys at Pittsburg, Pa., will be dedicated on April 15.

* * *

The Pope's decree against secret societies was promulgated on Sunday in all the churches in the northwestern province, under the episcopal charge of Archbishop Gross.

* * *

St. Vincent de Paul's Catholic Church of St. Louis, Mo., will celebrate on Sept. 10, the semi-centennial anniversary of its consecration. It is intended to invite all the noted prelates of the United States. The church was erected in 1844, and was consecrated the next year, being free from debt.

* * *

It is said that some of the Vatican relics, recently stolen, have been offered for sale in New York City. A correspondent of the Catholic Review states that such is a fact, and that among others a number of works of the twelfth century have been placed on the market. Inquiries among the dealers in rare books have been made, but they deny the story, although admitting private sales may have been made.

* * *

The diocese that reports the largest number of Catholic school is New York, with 168, Milwaukee standing second, with 142, one more than Chicago and four more than Cincinnati. Boston, Dubuque, New Orleans, Brooklyn, Pittsburg and St. Louis are other dioceses whose schools are 100 or more. In point of attendance at the schools, Chicago leads the country, as she has done for years past, with 47,000 children, or more than 6,000 more than there are in the New York archdiocesan schools.

* * *

St. Hedwig's Polish Church, Chicago, which was closed on account of the faction fights in the congregation, still remains dark. A second committee which went to lay their troubles before Mgr. Satolli, has returned. They report that the Ablegate informed them that the matter rested with Archbishop Feehan, but if it was not settled by May, he would go to Chicago and investigate. Father Rooker informed them that they could do nothing better than obey the Archbishop, and thus the matter rests.

* * *

Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus diocese, addressed a big meeting at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association at Columbus, O. As many persons as gained admittance to the hall were turned away. This is the first time in history that a Catholic clergyman had addressed a meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, and naturally it attracted wide attention. The Bishop was introduced by General Secretary W. T. Parkins and spoke for an hour and a half on Christian citizenship the audience being held in rapt attention and frequently breaking into applause.

* * *

The Poor Souls Advocate claims recognition and honors for Pere Gibault, a French-speaking pioneer prriest, through whose efforts and assistance the United States was enabled, through Colonel Clarke's expedition, to reclaim Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Upper Michigan from Enlish control. This patriotic priest, noticing that the forces of the expedition were not strong enough to compete with the British, urged upon the people of Vincennes to go to their assistance, and he enlisted all his parishioners and the Catholic Indians in the vicinity in support of the American forces, besides giving all his property for the same purpose. Surely such a patriot as this ought not to lack recognition from the American people.

PERSONAL—MENTION.

Hickey—The death is announced of P. V. Hickey founder of the New York Catholic Review.

* * *

Katzer—A telegram from Gibraltar announces the safe arrival of Archbishop Katzer and party at that port, en route to Rome.

* * *

Delattre—The rench Academy of Inscriptions has awarded 3000 francs to Pere Delattre, one of the late Cardinal Lavigerie's "White Fathers" to assist him in his investigations at Carthage.

* * *

Malfait—European papers announce the death in Belgium of Rev. Charles Malfait, for nearly twenty years pastor of the mission at Sedgley, Staffordshire. He had gone there for his health.

* * *

McDonnell—During his stay in Rome Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D. D., bishop of Brooklyn will be tendered a reception by the students and priests of the North American College, of which he is a graduate.

* * *

McRory—Rev. Francis McRory of the Diocese of Clogher, Ireland, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 8th. He was forty-two years of age at the time of his death, and came to this country for the benefit of his health.

* * *

Garin—Rev. Andrew Garin died last week in Lowell, Mass., aged 73. He entered the order of Oblates of Mary in 1841, and after his ordination was sent as a missionary to various Indian tribes. In addition to his labors he built two churches and erected a handsome school.

* * *

Johnston—The faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, honored Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston last week by conferring on him the degree of doctor of laws. Among those present on the occasion were Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop P. J. Donahue, of Wheeling, and President Daniel C. Gilman, of the John Hopkins University.

* * *

Didon—Very Rev. Father Didon, the noted Dominican preacher, has recently been at Rome, where he was very favorably received by the Holy Father. He has taken up his residence in the monastery of his order on the Via San Sebastianello, near the Piazzadi Spagna. Pere Didon's "Life of Christ," has been a grand literary success in every language into which it has been translated.

CATHOLIC—FOREIGN.

In the French Chamber last week an amendment to suppress the French Embassy to the Vatican was rejected by 348 votes against 165.

* * *

The Third Order of St. Francis was established in Melbourne, Australia, about three years ago, and now has about 2,000 members. In other parts of Australia a similar remarkable increase is noted.

* * *

His Eminence, Cardinal Parochi, in accordance with the desire of the Holy Father, has arranged for a general mission to be preached at Rome during the present Lent. The superiors of the religious orders will supply enough preachers for forty churches.

According to advices from Beyrout the Christians throughout Syria are in apprehension of another massacre by the Druses, outrage and murder being frequent and without redress. No Christian, it is said, ventures out after nightfall at Beyrout or Damascus.

* * *

Certain French Catholics are arranging for a general religious exhibition to be attached to the Paris Universal Exposition in 1900. Abbe Joseph Cresty is the promoter and M. Auguste Delaine is the secretary general. The matter has been referred to Rome for approbation.

* * *

Emperor William has conferred upon Cardinal Kopp and Cardinal Krementz, the order of the Red Eagle, one of the highest distinctions of the Empire. All sorts of theories are advanced to account for the motive of the German Kaiser in bestowing such marks of distinction upon the two German Cardinals.

* * *

Great preparations are being made at the Vatican for the celebration of the Pope's next birthday on the 10th of next month, when His Holiness will enter on his eighty-sixth year. It is needless to add that the faithful all over the world will be one in spirit with the Romans at the auspicious festival, and will echo the universal *ad multos anos.*

* * *

At present four of the English prelates are in Rome. Cardinal Vaughan has been there for some weeks, and he has been joined by the Bishops of Nottingham, Saflord and Southwark. The Anglican question is said to be the result of this conclave and interesting developments may be expected from it. It is also probable that an Apostolic Vicarate will be appointed for Wales.

* * *

The preparations for the centenetenary of St. Anthony are going on vigorously, especially at Lisbon, where he was born, and at Padua, which is honored by the possession of his mortal remains. At Lisbon, the burial place of St. Anthony's mother is being restored. A plot of ground has been donated to the Centenary Committee, on which the latter are building a children's home.

* * *

According to the Berlin Lokalanzeiger, news has reached St. Petersburg to the effect that the Turkish population of Triebizond had planned a massacre of the Christians in that place. All the Armenians were to have been butchered in one night. The commander of the Turkish troops, however, heard of the contemplated murder, and took such energetic measures to prevent it that the monstrous crime was averted.

* * *

The agent of the Duke of Manchester (Mr. Atkinson, of Tanderagee) has given notice to the tenants on the Duke of Manchester's Armagh estate, comprising four townlands, that if they pay their rent, due Nov. 1, on or before March 1, they will be allowed 10 per cent. reduction. The concession was unsolicited by the tenants. The agent of the Taaffes' estate, Sligo, has also given notice of a volunteer reduction of 10 per cent. in rents.

* *

Very Rev. Father Paul de la Pierise, Provincial of the Capuchin Fathers of Rome, has been appointed by the Holy Father to preach the sermons during Lent at the Vatican. The audience is composed of the Holy Father, the College of Cardinals and superiors of religious orders. He is the twenty-third religious of his order who has undertaken this task since the last century, when Benedict XIV. confided it to the Capuchin Franciscans.

* * *

The Canadian Dominion government has notified the Manitoba government and John S. Ewart, Q. C., of Winnipeg, representing the Roman Catholics of the province, to appear before the cabinet and be heard in regard to the question of granting seperate schools to the province. This has been done in accordance with the recent decision of the imperial privy council that Roman Catholics have valid grievances against the present public schools.

* * *

There are to be great reli giou festivals in Venice commencing on the 25th of April, to celebrate the 800th anniversary of the consecration of St. Mark's Church. According to Catholic chronicles, St. Mark's was built in the ninth century with the money left by one Justinus Partecipasir to his wife, Felicite, in order to enshrine the body of St. Mark the Evangelist, which was sent from Alexandria to Venice in 828 A. D. A large part of the church was destroyed in 976, but reconstructed by Peter Orseolo, and finished by Salvo.

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Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERman Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.
GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

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THE ENGLISH SPEECH.

Oh, the English speech! How true it rings!
How masterful and clear!
Fit vehicle for greatest things
That mortal man may hear.
Freemen of greatest, noblest thought
Their songs divine have sung,
And laws of highest justice taught
In this majestic tongue.

In stern, defiant, tempest tones
Its battle shouts arise,
Pelting the coward's heart like stones,
Shaking the vaulted skies.
But, oh what frank and hearty mirth
Doth English speech reveal
When Peace, God's angel, walks the earth
The wounds of war to heal!

There's not an impulse of the mind
Or feeling of the heart
But may its full expression find
In this consummate art.
Our mother tongue! The English speech!
The ages' masterpiece!
Whose sway around the world doth reach,
And shall, till time doth cease.

Oh, the English speech! How true it rings!
Simple, direct and clear.
The speech of freemen, nature's kings,
Language of men sincere!
—W. J. Herbert Hogan in New York Sun.

BELLS OF FOLLY.

Miranda ran into the meadow, laughing. The grassy slope shelved down into the valley, where the wood lay black and still. Daffodils nodded and cowslips bowed as she passed on her way. A lark got up and rose, singing to heaven. She sped out of the shadow and into the sunlight, and the sound of her young laughter floated down the valley. Echoes joined it there, and the little ravine gurgled with merriment. Miranda stopped, with her chin in the air, and listened. Was it all the echo of her own delight, or was it something more? The peal of her mockery died into the somber copse, and out of it, fresh and clear, a voice trilled merrily on its upward way. Miranda stood and waited.

He came up the bank of wild flowers, his face bright with the love of life and laughter, and at the sight of her he paused. The two faced each other for awhile in silence, and then a smile ran round Miranda's lips, and the young man's eyes sparkled with merriment.

"I took your laughter for a signal," said he, making his beaming salutations, "but I reckoned little upon so charming an assignation."

"It was but a signal of the spring, sir," says she, with a dainty bow.

"Nay," he replied. "I make no such distinctions between the seasons. I laugh the whole year through. It is the manner of the wise. You will perceive my jocund humor, fair mistress. Believe me, 'tis not the whim of an hour contrived by the guiles of a spring morning, but a very settled disposition of the mind. I am broad based upon gayety."

"Ah, to be gay!" cried Miranda. "To be gay is to live."

"Life is at our feet," said the merry youth. "I take an infinite pleasure in its complexities. Believe me, nothing should matter, save the twinkling of an eye or the dimpling of a cheek."

"You are right," said Miranda, smiling. "How can one have enough of laughter?"

"We are of one mind," he answered pleasantly. "Let us go into our corner and be merry together."

"Why not?" says Miranda. "Why not?"

"There are 10,000 pleasures in this silly world," he went on, "and, for myself, I have not yet exhausted the tenth part of them. Count my years, then, and make threescore and ten the dividend, and what remains? Pack them into the hours never so neatly, and you will not exhaust the store. And that is why I am a spendthrift of pleasures. I eke not out my delights. I would burn 20 in a straw hat out of sheer caprice and toss a dozen to the ducks upon the lake for pity."

"Yes, yes," agreed Miranda.

"Time," he continued, with fine scorn, "time has discovered us a conspiracy of the ages to inthrone this melancholy. But we are no traitors to our rightful being, you and I, and we will clap a crown upon the head of laughter, and lay the usurper by the heels in his proper dungeon."

"He were better there," replied Miranda thoughtfully.

"There is never a care," he resumed, "upon which we may not trample, not a trouble which we may not forget. What a fool is he who would nurse his sorrow and not bury it in the deepest grave!"

"What a fool!" murmured Miranda dreamily.

"Should one lose a friend? A fig for friendship!" quoth he. "Does one cast a lover? A snap for a hundred lovers! What has been remains, and what is shall be."

Miranda said nothing.

"Subtract love from life," said the young man, "and life remains. I would have the world know that love is a pleasant cipher, an amiable and entertaining mood, and that life is left when love is lost. There is no love. It were more truly writ in the plural and spelled with a small letter."

Miranda turned upon him swiftly. "Fie! Fie!" said she, and the light flashed in her eyes. "I know nothing of this love, but I dare swear there be things that matter. Take these from life, and what will rest over? Is there not sorrow, and is there not pain? Is there not remorse, and is there not the thing called sin? I know nothing of these. I am too young to the world. But there they stand, sir, importuning at our doors with outstretched arms, and one has only to lift the latch to let them in. You would deny the very pulse of human nature when you ignore these evils. You would forswear the very weaknesses which have composed for you your sentiments."

In the excitement of her retort Miranda's face flushed and grew bright. Wide eyed the young man stared at her and forgot to laugh, and when she had done his head dropped, and he sighed.

"Ah," she said, "you sigh. You yourself have felt and suffered. You have belied yourself. You sigh. There are facts in life even for sighs."

"'Tis true," he answered softly, "yet I sighed for pleasure."

"What pleasure?" she asked curiously.

"Or it may be hope," he added.

He looked at her, and his gaze was mild and wistful. She regarded him in perplexity, and then a wild flush took her in the cheek and throat.

"Pooh, pooh!" she cried, and turned off, plucking at the hawthorn bush. The white may smelled rank, but strange and soothing. The petals shivered and fell. Miranda's heart beat on, wondering. Something clapped at its doors again and again. Would she open? What was this impatient visitor that pleaded so for entrance? She had so little knowledge. She was but newly arrived upon the world. Her emotions were still strangers to her. She was a pilgrim still among her new sensations. Ought she to open? Nay, to stay so and wonder was surely pleasantest. One day she would throw wide the doors and look. But now it was sweet to feel that hand upon the knocker, that clutching at the latch, and lie trembling within in feigned insecurity. She turned and faced him. Straightway the clamor ceased, and in her heart was silence. She looked him coldly in the face.

"You smile for love?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said he, "and for the thought of you."

"Oh, you take me too lightly," she broke out. "You do not guess what a solemn thing this love may be. You flutter into a thousand follies on the scantest reflection. You will dance, and you will play, and you will jingle jangle through your holiday world without a thought for anything but pirouettes and jigs and whirligigs of laughter. The most sonorous of sacred sorrows may sound in your ears, and wake no echo but a jape within your heart. And you would put me upon that dead plane of ribald merriment with yourself? I will laugh with you. Yes. I will go beg of you for jests in my jocund seasons. I am willing to shriek over your whimsicalities at my own pleasure. In my serene unthinking moments I will be content to exchange humors with you, and to vow that life were more than void and dull were not such as you at my beck. But when I have opened my chamber and fastened the door upon myself my soul and I shall be alone together, and I will weep and pity and repent and ache out my heart with sorrows in which you can have no lot. I am young, but I have an inkling of what the world may mean."

"The world," said he, "means happiness."

"The world," she retorted, "means tears and bitter wringing of the hands. Have I not heard of death? And have I not seen pain? You think me gay, yet how long shall I keep this gayety in my heart? I go round upon the wheel. It turns and changes. What shall befall tomorrow that I should not weep today? You would pluck me with no greater consideration than you would pick a flower from its stalk wherewith to deck your coat. Should it wither or fall adust, another will serve until the coming of the wine. Look you, you will sigh and weep for love, and your sighs will be smiles, and your tears will be laughter. Forthright your heart is singing like a lark. Yours! Yours is the shallowest of paltry passions."

"I would do much for you," said he.

"Give up your dimples," cried Miranda, "and so to the churchyard with a wry face?"

"Even that," he answered, nodding.

"Pah!" said she, "you will not contain your face lugubriously for five minutes by the clock. Though you shall remember to be sober for two sentences, at the third you will be whistling, and the fourth will find you holding your sides."

He moved a step toward her.

"And if I should die for you?" he asked pleadingly.

Miranda gasped. She contemplated his face with uncertainty. His eyes shone with the dew of tears. His hands trembled. It was the corner of his mouth betrayed him. Miranda burst into laughter.

"You!" she cried. "You! Why, you would forget my coffin as it passed, and the color of my face ere my back was upon you. See here," she said, "I will give you to the hedge for misery, but I swear you will take the lane as jauntily as an hour since. Get you gone, my merry man, and come again to dispute with me in an idle humor. Fie, fie, to think on you and death in the same company!"

He sighed and turned away.

"You have the smallest heart of any maid I know," he said, shaking his head.

"The better for my laughter," laughed Miranda.

He moved across the meadow, his head hanging, his eyes downcast, his stick dragging among the daisies. Miranda stared after him, her lips parted in amusement. He climbed the stile, and stopping on the topmost step turned to her again.

"I have at least one solace," he called across the meadow. "I shall forget your fickle face by night."

Miranda's laughter touched the skies and ceased. Her face fell thoughtful. She sighed and shrugged her dainty shoulders.—H. B. Marriott-Watson in Sketch.

How to Express It.

"I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband when he came in. "I attended the meeting of the sewing circle this afternoon, and I couldn't get away."

"Hemmed in, were you?" asked her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

What's Popular.

"Do you think it improves a story to have a moral?" said the young literary man.

"Not commercially," replied his friend. "It's the story with an immoral that pays nowadays."—Washington Star.

CHOLLY AGITATED.

He Thinks the Time Has Come For His Crowd to Organize Against Foreigners.

Bravo, little count! Milles felicitations on your pluck and perseverance!

It isn't every young Frenchman who can come to America to complete his education and pick up a girl like Anna Gould and $15,000,000 into the bargain.

Count Castellane isn't as good looking as Harry Woodruff, as rich as Willie Harriman or as noble as Prince Battenburg, yet he has got what all those chappies strove for with might and main.

If the mind can be permitted to wander through the possibilities created by such an engagement, it will revert first to the high born father and mother of the young adventurer, the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane, living perhaps on air, as only French people can, yet still maintaining the stately dignity of their old French chateaux.

Imagine the cable received from their adored son gone to the uttermost parts of the world to search for the wherewithal:

"J'ai gagne tout, belle, riche et genereuse"—I have won all, lovely, rich and willing to give up!

Already the news is known in Paris, France and all over Europe.

Already other frugal parents are bidding other adventurous sons goodby and good speed on their departure for New York in quest of other heiresses.

We will soon be inundated by other "students" of American institutions, who will hope to take something more tangible than "impressions" back with them.

I never read of an engagement like this without considering the uproar into which it throws Europe.

I have already made reference to the "Mothers' Mutual American Heiress Emigrant society," formed in Germany by noble but impoverished women for the purpose of raising funds with which to ship their sons to America.

The success of Count Castellane will be certain to cause such societies to spring up all over Europe.

By Jove, the government ought to interfere! This is contract labor if ever there was such a thing, and our heiresses are equally responsible under the law!

They bring these fellows out here, they induce them to come with promises of employment, and, by gad! old chappies, I don't think it's fair to us at all.

What show have we plain "misters" got?

We may be as lovely as Harry Woodruff and belong to as many clubs as Bill Harriman, yet we are not the kind of fellows these girls want to marry.

It's the handle to the name, the dreary old tumble down castle, that catch the rich girl's fancy, and we have neither of those commodities.

Upon my word, it makes my heart sick, and persuades one to go out and get lost in the blizzard, to think that a little frog eating Frenchman can blow into New York and in a month's time accumulate $15,000,000, with a wedding present of $2,000,000 thrown in.

If the law won't help us, I say that we dudes ought to organize into something like an old time Know Nothing association and hamstring every decent looking foreigner that arrives on these shores and cannot prove that he isn't after an American heiress.

What do you say, Brock Cutting, Ham Carey and Jim Farley, are yous wid me or agin me?—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A FRENCH KLEPTOMANIAC.

How He Was Nipped and the Famous Goethe Medallion Recovered.

The superb medallion of Goethe by the famous sculptor, David of Angers, was recently missed from the Paris Louvre. Watch was set upon the other art treasures in the room in which it had been shown. At length an old man, respectably dressed, was discovered trying to open a case by unscrewing the hinges. On being arrested he declared that he was tightening the screws of the hinges, not taking them out. He was detained in custody, and a search was made of his rooms. Here was found the missing medallion, together with a large number of other art treasures and bits of bric-a-brac. There were also tools not unlike a housebreaker's.

The kleptomaniac, who is a bachelor of 62, has been ascertained to be a man of considerable fortune, who spent large sums in artistic salesrooms. It is proposed by the magistrate to keep him in custody for a few days and then release him, his friends depositing 10,000 francs as security for his good behavior.—Paris Letter.

A Shocking Hotel.

A hotel in Chicago is so heavily charged with electricity that the guests cannot move around without getting a shock which is often painful. It is so bad that when one walks across the room a spark will leap over a space of two inches. The guests have had some funny experiences. One man came near getting a gash cut in his face when he went to get shaved, because he was so startled by a spark from the razor. Then another man thought he had stepped on needles when he got into a bathtub. This peculiar condition of the building puzzles the electricians, and some think the whole house will have to be overhauled and revised.—Chicago Correspondent.

The Name Disgraced.

In The Journal Officiel appears a notice to the effect that another Captain Dreyfus of the artillery and of the staff is desirous of changing his name to that of Deslaurens. This officer was born at Nancy in 1855 and is stationed at Perpignan. There are now 38 officers of the name of Dreyfus in the army list. Seven are in the artillery, 12 in the infantry, one is in the engineers and eight in the territorial army.

Death For Train Robbers.

A bill to make train robbery a capital offense has been introduced in the Missouri legislature.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE.

Le Bon, the French Historian, Predicts an Oriental Influx.

The French historian Le Bon in a recent article predicts that Europe will become the seat for despotism and later for barbarism and incur the same fate as the Byzantine and the Persian empires. Next the Slavs will destroy the old culture, and then Europe will be overrun with the orientals, particularly the Chinese and the Hindoos.

According to Professor Le Bon's views, a general European war will be succeeded by terrible economic conditions. The orient is already commencing to be the producer for Europe instead of being the consumer, and Europe, in spite of its tariff protection, will find it impossible to check the flood. India is now exporting its produce, which, in spite of transportation expenses, is sold at a lower figure than the European, and India, provided with machinery, is now competing with Europe in the manufacturing market. China, when its war with Japan is over, will follow India's example.

When India and China, with their enormous deposits of coal, have a mass of factories in operation, they will overwhelm the European markets with their products and place the European workman in the position where he must either starve to death from lack of work or starve on absolutely insufficient wages. The oriental workman will not, as experience has shown, desert their cheap food—tea and rice—for our more expensive food or European luxuries.

Professor Le Bon's views, says Le Temps, may be drawn in dark colors, but every one familiar with political economy must to a certain extent indorse them. The European markets in certain of their branches are now and have for some time felt the killing influence of economical competition from the oriental countries, and when such conditions exist now what will they be when these countries will be equipped with European machinery and producing its articles with the same facility as is now done in Europe? It may not come in our time, but a future generation will have a difficult problem to solve.

TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITER.

Novel Method of News Distribution Followed In Paris.

L'Agence Havas, the great distributer of news at Paris, has introduced recently a system of telegraphic typewriters which for rapid spreading of information excels anything known. The machine was invented as well as perfected by an American, Mr. Wright, and, after some adaptation necessary for the peculiar purpose it had to serve, presents now the perfection of an apparatus for the news bureau. A typewriter in the central station works the machine, and all the subscribers receive the identical information in less than one-third the time required by ordinary telegraphic transmission. Absolute accuracy is guaranteed, the operator sees what he is writing, and mutilation or dropping of words is impossible.

The system of news distribution is very complicated, but great pains have been taken to secure it against any likely interruption of the service. All the wiring is through underground cables, one cable being allowed for a group of 15 subscribers, but there are 20 wires in each cable, allowing a reserve of five wires for each circuit. The machine is quite different from the old American tickers, in that the paper used is not a strip three-quarters of an inch wide, but a roll of paper 6½ inches in width. The principle is that of a typewriter, each key of which is connected with a special communicator, allowing an electric current to pass through the line, upon which are disposed a given number of receivers with typewriting attachments, but without any clockwork. A type reel guided by the current from the central station prints upon a roll of paper as in a typewriter. The commutator mentioned above is set going by a small electric motor receiving its energy from a battery of 60 Tudor accumulators.—Nature.

An Interesting Insurance Question.

William Bailey, who had been buying horses and shipping them south, and who accidentally shot himself through the right foot two weeks ago, has died of his injuries. Bailey came here from Fort Scott. Shortly after the first of the year he took out two accident insurance policies, one in the Fidelity and Casualty company for $5,000 and the other in the Standard company for a like amount. The latter company claims exemption under a clause which releases it if the insured is injured while in the act of violating a state law. Local representatives of the company claim that as Bailey was shot by the accidental discharge of a revolver in his pocket he was carrying a concealed weapon, and thereby violating the state law.—Atchison (Kan.) Dispatch.

Indiana's Librarian.

Mrs. Emma L. Davidson of Peru has been elected state librarian for Indiana. Miss Nancy Baker of Indianapolis was a close competitor, receiving in the joint Republican caucus 46 of 101 votes. Mrs. Davidson has appointed Miss Fitzgerald of Madison and Miss Lillian Welton of Vincennes as her assistants.

An Odd Death Notice.

The following death announcement appeared the other day in the Frankische Tagespost, Nuremberg: "The life principle of our dear wife and mother ended today in the fifty-fifth year of its existence. The material will be given back to earth in the graveyard on Saturday."

Longevity In England.

No fewer than 196 persons were reported during 1894 in the column of death notices in the London Times as being 90 or over. Their aggregate age was 18,203 years; 89 were men who lived jointly 8,226 years, and 107 were women whose ages amounted to 9,977 years.

QUID PRO QUO.

I begged a kiss of a little maid.
Shyly, sweetly, she consented.
Then of a sudden, all afraid,
After she gave it she repented,
And now as penance for that one kiss
She asks a poem—I'll give her this.

But how can my song be my very best
When she, with a voice as soft as Circe's,
Has charmed the heart from my lonely breast—
The heart, the fountain of all true verses?
Why, oh, why should a maid do this?
No—I must give back her kiss.
—R. U. Johnson in Century.

OUR PHANTOM GUIDE

"Any light out there? My, but it's dark, and the roadbed seems to have been washed away. Say, Hugh, whatever are we to do after losing our way in this fashion?"

Hugh McClure and I had been shooting over a Perthshire moor, and dallying too long after game had been caught in the descending night and the far more unpleasant descending rainstorm.

"Blest if I know," answered Hugh, wading his way out of a mudhole and shaking himself like a huge Newfoundland dog.

"Gents, I can guide you to a place of shelter," said a deep, hollow voice beside us. We both sprang back, for there, but a few feet away, stood a horse and his rider, the dark mass being partially distinguishable from the darkness of the night around.

That a horseman should be in a place where it was difficult for a pedestrian to get a secure footing was strange enough in all conscience, but that he should have apparently risen up among us without any warning whatsoever was stranger still.

"How did you ever steer your horse down here?" I queried in a tone that I tried to make one of surprised pleasure, but miserably failed in the attempt.

"I have lived on the borders of this moor all my life," replied the voice, "and my horse knows every foot of the way since he was a foal."

This explanation was satisfactory enough for men in desperate circumstances. Hugh and I thanked him for his proffered services and requested him to lead the way. We sought to obtain a glimpse of his features, but they were wrapped in the invulnerable gloom of the night.

As he passed I noticed that his horse was a very tall one and that its eyes shone through the darkness like the eyes of a gigantic cat, but with a far more unearthly and ferocious light than that of the docile grimalkin curled up before the fire, speculating profoundly on the rise and fall of stock in the rodent market.

The horseman rode a short distance in advance, holding in his beast occasionally to enable us to catch up. It was a hard task to do so. The rain was descending in torrents. The wind howled and whistled across the moor. At every step we sank above our boot tops and often almost to our knees.

A vivid flash of lightning shot across our way. For an instant the features of our mysterious guide and the form of his steed were revealed. He was half turned in his saddle and was glancing back at where we were floundering behind. His face was like the face of a skeleton covered over with tightly drawn skin, through which two malicious eyes gleamed with a vindictiveness that was startling in its intensity. Over his form and over that of his horse were cast some long robes that looked like the trappings of a funeral car, the horse's head being also enveloped, save for two eyelets, through which it surveyed us with the blazing eyes of an unbroken mustang. The rider wore a tall hat like those worn by our forefathers 100 years ago and with something fastened around the brim that I could have sworn was a bow of crape.

"For God's sake, stop, Hugh!" I cried, holding his arm. "Did you see that fellow's face? I do believe he is no living man. Not of our world anyhow."

Hugh McClure was as practical a Scotchman as ever failed to appreciate a joke or pass an examination in Edinburgh university.

Through the opaque night I could feel his withering glance of scorn as he made answer, "If you want to talk of ghosts in the middle of this God forsaken spot in this heaven condemned weather, you can do so, Percy, but you shan't have me for an audience," and he forged on, calling to our guide:

"In the name of the first pilot, how long will it be before you can steer us to the world again?"

The hollow voice came echoing back: "One mile to the right is a cottage where we can find shelter. Come on!"

"A mile of this!" wailed Hugh. "Oh, my sins have been many, but what I suffer tonight should atone for all!"

We had, however, passed the worst portion of our journeying, and the footing now became more secure. Still the rain descended in sheets, and the wind blew with a force that ofttimes threatened to sweep us off our feet.

Like a far distant star we at length saw a light ahead. It appeared, then disappeared, then appeared again.

"There is the cottage," said our guide. "We will reach it soon now."

"What a mean fellow not to offer us a lift on his horse!" grumbled Hugh. "I certainly have enough trouble to keep my own footing not to have to guide a horse over these bottomless holes, but he might have been civil enough to make the offer anyway."

We were now proceeding over the soft, damp turf of the moor, and I had frequently stopped from time to time to feel if the horse left any tracks behind him. Not the trace of a track could I find.

"Hugh," I whispered, "that horse is leaving no tracks behind him."

"Do stop your ghost stories," said Hugh impatiently. "Anyhow, restrain them until we get out of this lost part of Scotland."

After half an hour's trudging we stood before the cabin from whence the light had proceeded. It was a small, mud walled concern covered with a thick roof of thatch. Two little windows on either side of the narrow door had their shutters up, and through the jagged chinks the rays of a strong illumination within shone brightly.

"Go right in and make yourselves at home, while I take my horse to stable," said our mysterious guide as he turned off to the rear of the hut.

We pushed open the door. The apartment we entered was a large one, much larger than the outside of the hut would lead us to believe, but what astonished us the most was the luxurious manner in which it was furnished. Heavy tapestries covered the four walls, a thick Turkish carpet was spread upon the floor, four chairs of solid mahogany, two lounges of the same material, all upholstered in the richest velvet, a huge bureau of polished pine and a mahogany table were situated in various parts of the room, the lounges standing temptingly before the wood fire that crackled up the chimney unrestrained by any grate. A hanging lamp suspended from the cross beam, whose shade seemed studded, if not with actual jewels, with wonderful imitations thereof, cast a brilliant, almost dazzling, light over all.

"Well," said Hugh as soon as he could realize the situation. "This seems like a fairy tale, but then in a fairy tale this would be an enchanted castle and not an enchanted hut. Ah, but those lounges look tempting, however! This must be some great man's shooting box, though it looked very unlike one from the outside as well as I could see. That man you took for a ghost must be the owner. His invitation for us to make ourselves at home sounded as if he was. Well, I would not mind meeting such a ghost again under like circumstances, from which circumstances, however, may heaven forefend!"

We were so tired and wet, and this apartment being evidently the only one in the house, we proceeded to undress and hang up our garments to dry. Under one of the sofas Hugh had discovered two dressing gowns of superb finish, which we calmly appropriated, and our host delayed so long about rejoining us we lay down on the lounges and were soon sleeping as worn and weary wayfarers alone can sleep.

What sounded like the clash of a mighty cymbal brought me erect on my feet and wide awake after enjoying a much needed and refreshing sleep. I looked about. The lamp had gone out. So, too, had the fire. But in the center of the room a pillar of light seemed to descend from the roof to the floor. In the midst of the pillar was the upright form of a venerable old man. His head was thrown back, his long, white hair falling in a mass over his shoulders. His great beard covered his entire chest. He was clad in an ox's skin, fastened by a hempen girdle. His bare arms, powerful and sinewy, were bound behind him to a shadowy stake, and his naked feet—merciful heavens!—were resting upon live coals of fire. On looking closer at the face I saw a look of hopeless, unspeakable anguish thereon, but not a moan escaped from the writhing lips. As I stood horror stricken, a sweet female voice rose and swelled in a weird wild chant of heart piercing sadness. The words were Gallic, but the tones in which they floated through the silence of the room were the tones of a soul to whom hope is lost forever. As it ended, a mocking laugh rang loud outside the window and was followed by a horse's neigh. We knew from the cold blast that rushed in that some one had opened the door. Simultaneously the specter disappeared. I felt an awesome presence not of earth approaching.

Hugh's voice gasped in my ear, "For God's sake, let us fly!"

Dressed only in the gowns we had discovered, we rushed madly to the door. As we passed its threshold, we heard behind us a yell of disappointed rage that made the blood run cold in our veins.

We dashed on blindly, panic stricken. At length toward morning we met a party of hunters, who at first very naturally took us for a pair of escaped lunatics roaming aimlessly on the moor and clad in two old tattered, mildewed dressing gowns that had seemed such handsome dresses when we first saw them in the hut. On our relating our adventures their voices rose in a mutual cry of astonishment.

"Aweel! Aweel!" exclaimed the eldest of the hunters, a grizzled veteran, with the snows of some 60 winters on his head. "Ye air th' first men that ever slep' in the laird's hut and lived to tell the tale."

We begged him to explain, for sick and scared as we were we were anxious to know what we had escaped from.

"The hut," said the old hunter, "was occupied o'er 80 years agone by the laird of Knockeranie, the eighth of the name. On his young wife dying he betook himself and his infant daughter to it. He furnished it from the castle. Then he shut himself out from the world. No one ever saw him, but when his daughter got to be a guid pert girl she used to be heard singing, tho' few e'er cast eyes on her. It was said that the laird had mickle gowd hid in the hut, and one night robbers broke in, killed the daughter and her father after almost burning his feet off trying to make him tell where his money was hid. A horse and his rider were found drowned in the marsh next morning, and they do say he was one of the murderers, for blood stains the water could not remove were on his clothes. He is said to haunt the marsh yet, so's to bring lost folks to the hut whar the murder was, and whoever enters the door is never seen again."

I tell the story as it happened. Whether we were suffering from temporary aberration, caused by the germs of a fever that laid us low for many days, I leave for others to decide, but Hugh and I often gaze in awe at the old dressing gowns we still possess, the relics of that terrible night.—Vere V. Hunt in Chicago Tribune.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and your soft brown eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saintlike air,
Are you trying to think of some angel taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise,
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
But some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the words said,
I "love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I've sung your praises for nearly an hour.
Yet your dark fringed eyelids droop lower and lower,
And you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!
—Marraret Eytinge in Detroit Free Press.

DELAYED DISPATCH.

I had never been left alone in charge of the office before. It was a cold, blustery day in January, one of those dreary winter days that make one feel so melancholy and blue, the wind shrieking about the building and the snow falling thickly in great white flakes, which seemed to be vying with each other for a comfortable spot on which to fall when reaching the friendly bosom of earth. Old Sol had not favored us with a smile all day, but had sulkily hidden his face behind the gray restless clouds. It was truly a dismal afternoon.

The office building in which I was domiciled was one of those dreary old country stations which seemed to be dropped along the side of the railroad track at intervals without an effort at making them other than what they are, both uncomfortable and unsightly.

The little town of B—— was a sleepy little village of about 900 inhabitants, built down in a valley, surrounded by hills, from which flowed an abundance of beautiful, clear, pure spring water, supplying the humble, contented citizens. Today the place presented a picturesque appearance. The snow had been falling heavily during the night, and the trees, fences, housetops, bushes and streets were completely covered with the "beautiful."

The principal street of the village ended at the foot of the long winding hill which served as a coasting place for the merry young people. The only sign of life about the place this memorable afternoon was the occasional jingle of sleighbells wafted to my ears on the frosty air as some farmer's boy took advantage of the deep snow to exhibit his new sleigh, and a merchant now and then coming to the station for his small shipments. One or two disconsolate looking tramps passed my office, trudging along through the snow, casting an envious glance in my direction as I sat in the bow window.

This cold wintry day, as I sat in the little office listening intently to the tick of the two instruments on the table in front of me, little did I dream that it was to be the one eventful day of my life. Looking from the windows, I could see east and west of me the straight line of track stretching away like two silver reptiles rufning side by side over a vast white sheet. A short distance north of the office was the old woolen mill of Bartlet & Sons, from which issued the sound of the merry wheels as they hummed in busy unison with the click of the looms, keeping company with my wandering thoughts.

At a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile on each side of my office were two curves, preventing my seeing a train approach the station from either direction until the shrill whistle of the engine called for my signal or down brakes.

I had just learned telegraphy, or thought I had, having studied it about four months, and had become proficient enough, as my sanguine teacher avowed, to fill the place with perfect safety while he made a pleasure trip to Louisville, the center of gravity for him. I remember I had serious misgivings as to my ability to take care of the office work and sat with tears trembling on my eyelashes long after the train bearing my only assistance had disappeared and felt very much depressed, as though on the eve of some great calamity.

To throw off this dreadful feeling I walked to the waiting room and back several times, humming a popular air to keep up my spirits. I think I had been thus occupied an hour or so when I heard the train dispatcher at "M." giving an order to the operator at Wilmington for No. 48, a freight train coming east. It read: "Train No. 48, engine 236, has until eleven ten (11:10) a. m. to run to Raysville for No. 11, engine 245.—R. G. L."

I went to the table and copied the order as it was given, simply doing so to pass the time, and heard the operator at Wilmington receive it and give the signatures of both conductor and engineer of No. 48, the dispatcher giving him the correct time. Then I noted Wilmington reporting No. 48 out of his station at 10:40 a. m. After an interval of half an hour or so the operator at "M." asked if there were any orders for No. 111, receiving a negative answer from the dispatcher. All this I noted casually, not thinking for a moment that it had the slightest interest for me, other than something to copy, and in blissful ignorance that we were on the verge of a terrible catastrophe.

In a few moments, while lazily gazing west from my window, I saw a hazy, dark mist curling up over the snow capped trees in the distance, which looked very much like smoke from an engine, and while I was conjecturing as to what it might mean I heard the signal for my target as it sung around the curve into sight. It struck me as being exceedingly strange that No. 48, a freight train, was running to "M.," regardless of the limited, and I concluded to inform the dispatcher of the unusual situation, telling him "No. 48 is coming." He answered "O. K.," and then I gave them my signal to go ahead. Just as they were rounding the east curve, the caboose just disappearing, "M." called me and asked, "Is No. 48 on the siding?" I told him "No;" that they had just left the station, giving the time they had passed.

His reply: "My God, has No. 48 gone? No. 111 is pulling out. They will collide. Can't you get No. 48?" My hair felt as though it was raising off my head, chills chased themselves up and down my spine, and the cold perspiration poured down my pallid cheeks as I rushed with all speed and less grace from the office and frantically waved a white apron I wore and which I tore off as I ran, but the crew of the freight failed to look back as the caboose sailed round the curve, and my heart almost failed me as I realized that the only hope now was to catch No. 111 before they left "M."

I ran back into my office and sank into a chair, no longer able to stand on my feet, scarcely breathing until in a few—hours it seemed to me, but in reality—seconds the dispatcher called me, saying, "We've got No. 11." Were ever words so sweet to mortal ears? The tick of that little brass sounder as it rang those words through the room was like sweet music, so welcome were they to me.

How did they get No. 111? I will tell you. When I told the dispatcher that No. 48 was beyond recall, he opened a window in mad haste and screamed to the people on the platform below him, "For God's sake, stop that train!" And they, realizing that something was terribly wrong, rushed after the rapidly disappearing train, frantically waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas, screaming like madmen, finally attracting the attention of the rear brakeman just as No. 111 was going out of sight and hearing. They backed up on a siding and waited, and soon the freight train pulled into "M." station, the crew as unconcerned as though they had not just escaped a smashup and the possibilities of instant death a few moments before.

A white faced operator, with trembling lips, leaned out of the window and asked them, "Haven't you forgotten something?" And the forgotten order was suddenly remembered, but too late for them.

The whole crew was of course discharged, and I—well, when those welcome words were ticked off that dear old sounder, telling me that No. 111's crew and passengers were safe, I lost consciousness and only came back to life in time to hear the conductor of No. 111 say to his engineer: "Poor girl, she has fainted. She is almost frightened to death."

Had I not warned the dispatcher in time for him to catch the passenger train, there would have been a horrible collision, and we can only picture to ourselves the horrors accompanying such a catastrophe.

My reward was a position with the company and a handsome gold watch. I staid with the company but a short time, however, for I never could cure myself of the horror I had of railroad telegraphing produced by my terrible experience that wintry day in January, and as I write this story, sitting here in my cozy little sitting room by a bright coal fire, watching the flames creeping around the black diamonds in the grate, as I go over the scenes and situations of that dreary afternoon, I shudder and wonder if old Father Time will ever enable me to forget that dreadful experience, so that I can speak of it all without a shudder.—Northwest Magazine.

Russian Traits.

The Russians are lazy and effeminate. In the winter they seldom walk, and when they do so they crawl along, muffled up in furs, and do not move with any briskness. One sees a great many military officers in Moscow, and their want of smartness is noticeable. Numbers are always to be seen lounging about the boulevards with their hands in the pockets of their gray overcoats. These boulevard warriors do not look very formidable. The Cossacks are dirty looking ruffians, badly dressed and mounted on small horses, which are said to be excellent animals, possessing wonderful staying power. I was told by an officer that the Cossacks have degenerated very much and have been spoiled by being turned into regulars. The Cossacks of the Don especially have deteriorated, but those of the Caucasian regions are fine soldiers.

One of the worst characteristics of the Russians is their dishonesty in trade. In Moscow, even in many of the best shops, one has to bargain for purchases, as a much higher price than is expected is always asked. In this way foreigners in Moscow no doubt frequently pay three or four times the necessary price for articles. In the same way one has to bargain for everything, and this, in my opinion, constitutes one of the most disagreeable things connected with life in Russia. One always imagines that one is being swindled, and too frequently, no doubt, the idea is not a vain one.

That the Russians are a dirty people is well known. Very few houses have even a footbath in them, and although there are fine public baths the Russians, even of the upper classes, seldom make use of them. Indeed I believe the lower orders are cleaner in this respect.—Westminster Review.

His Broken Rest.

It seems the tax collector had been diligently searching for Oscar a considerable time when one morning he discovered the descendant of the O'Flahertys issuing from his house in Tite street. The collector demanded certain payments, which Oscar refused to make.

"But, Mr. Wilde, this is your house. You occupy it. I've just seen you coming out of it. You must live there."

"Most positively I do not."

"At any rate," retorted the now slightly exasperated man, "you do what legally constitutes living in the house. You sleep there. You don't deny that."

"But, my dear man," Oscar answered languidly, stifling a yawn, 'you must consider I sleep so badly."—Chap Book.

A FLORIST'S FAKE.

The Story of the "Blanket of Flowers" on Mrs. Astor's Grave an Invention.

Many women have visited Trinity cemetery, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Amsterdam avenue, in the past few days to see the marvelous "blanket of flowers" which was said to "cover the casket" of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, and which was to be "renewed every morning for a year" by Mr. Astor's order. Mrs. Astor was buried on Jan. 9, not in a vault, but in a grave, in the northwestern corner of the Astor plot. On the day of the funeral the mound of earth was covered with pine boughs. The evergreens have not been removed, and except at one corner, which has been uncovered by inquisitive visitors, the grass is covered with snow. The laborers in the cemetery have swept a path through the burial plot, and about the grave a path has been trodden by men and women.

The cemetery employees have grown very tired of having their word doubted by women who inquire the way to the Astor vault and the blanket of flowers on the coffin. No flowers at all have been placed on the grave, and they can see for themselves that none can be put on the ca t. So the women insist that the coffin is not in the grave, but in the vault of John Jacob Astor, and they ask to have the vault opened, so that they can see this wonderful covering. Although the man explains to them how impossible and useless it would be to comply with their requests, they depart unsatisfied and doubting his word.

The old gatekeeper, who has been employed about the cemetery 22 years, has to bear the brunt of their inquiries and disappointments. He said that the other evening, just as he was closing the gates, two women begged for admittance, saying that they had come all the way from East New York to see the flowers and would not go home unsatisfied. Some come from other states, and two came from what seemed to him the antipodes—Staten Island.

All this annoyance and disappointment is due to Joseph Fleischman, a florist, of Broadway. On the morning of the funeral he told the reporters that he had the contract to supply fresh flowers every day for a year for the grave. For this he was to receive $100 a day, he said, and in all he would receive $40,000 from Mr. Astor. On the day after the funeral Mr. Fleischman sent to the newspaper offices a typewritten story of the alleged contract given to him by Mr. Astor. He was, he said, to furnish 4,000 fresh lilies of the valley and 4,000 violets each day. He repeated the statement yesterday to a reporter of The Sun, and then, being confronted with the facts, admitted that he had invented the whole story.

Superintendent Otto Meurer of the cemetery and his brother Albert, who is sexton of Trinity church chapel and had charge of the funeral, say that no such order for flowers was given by Mr. Astor to anybody.—New York Sun.

THE ANTITOXINE DISCUSSION.

Professor Drasche's Criticism Unfavorable to the New Diphtheria Remedy.

The physicians of two or three European capitals are beginning to find serious drawbacks to the use of the new remedy for diphtheria. The subject was carefully discussed at the Medical society in Vienna this week. Professor Drasche's criticism was unfavorable to the new method, owing to the effects which he had observed in 30 cases. He found that injections of Behring's antitoxine serum affected the kidneys seriously. This observation was corroborated by other doctors. They said that in the presence of this fact it could no longer be believed that the injection had no injurious effects It could not be a matter of indifference that a patient who was recovering from a dangerous illness should be subjected, through this remedy, to a further serious malady.

Up to the present time, for observations have been much too short to permit a final decision as to the value of the treatment, it is clear that its application should be limited. With regard to the statistics which were supposed to prove its success Professor Drasche said that in diphtheria bare figures were no evidence.—London Letter.

A Debutante's Remark.

That the debutantes of the season of 1894-5 do not rely upon their appearance alone for success in the social swim, but have a fancy for conversational distinction, is evidenced by the following remarks, overheard at one of the introductory "teas:" "Miss Rosebud, I want you to know Mr. Legal Lore and be very nice to him, for he is one of the lights of the Washington bar and a very brilliant speaker," said one of the old beaus, presenting at the moment a well known young lawyer.

"Why is it," chirped Miss Rosebud, in answer, "that all bright particular 'stars' have to go about with a tag on them, calling attention to their brightness?" Needless to say the conversation languished.—Washington Post.

A Question Making Much Noise.

A discussion is raging in Erie over a question propounded by a schoolteacher to her class, "If a tree located in a forest should fall and no one should see it, would it make a noise?" The question has created much discussion among the pupils to whom it was presented, and it has spread into older and wider circles. The debate turns upon the theory that sound exists only in the ear, and that there can be no sound where there is no ear to receive and respond to the atmospheric waves.—Oil City Blizzard.

Each Had a Dog.

The elevator in the Victoria hotel lifted the following load the other day: Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Kendal's dog and Mr. Kendal, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Sibyl Sanderson's dog and her fiance, Antonio Terry, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Langtry's pup. No wonder the country's going to the demnition bowwows.—New York Letter.

JAPANESE HEROISM.

His Body Guarded the Magazine After He Had Been Shot to Death.

In the Japan Weekly Mail are two instances of heroism during the war that illustrate the pluck of the Jap. The best is the story of a brave seaman on board the Itsujushima Kan, who was shot to death while endeavoring to save the powder magazine. The man was a marine who had been told to stand as sentry or guard at the entrance of the powder magazine. During the hottest part of the naval engagement, that of Hai-Yang, the Itsujushima was so steered that the shots of the enemy's small arms seemed to concentrate in the vicinity of this vital point, and noticing this the sentry fearlessly endeavored to cover the whole doorway with his body. In his attempt he was wholly successful, not a bullet reaching the interior of the magazine. When the affair was over, relief was sent to the faithful guardian, who was seen still standing at his post, with a somewhat troubled expression on his countenance. He was discovered to be stone dead and literally honeycombed with bullets, of which no less than 36 had struck him. Of course death had ensued long before his wounds reached that terrible total, but even in death his body had continued to guard the post kept so fearlessly and so well in life.

The Fuzoku Guho gives an account of a very daring feat performed by an infantry soldier just before the Ping-Yang battle. Boats were imperatively necessary, but every available craft in the neighborhood had either been requisitioned by the Chinese or else moored on their side of Taidong river. One of the Japanese volunteered to go across alone and fetch at least one of these boats, and on receiving permission to make the trial he swam across, mostly under water and in the face of a storm of bullets, unmoored one of the smaller junks and towed her back again to his starting place. He escaped without a wound, much to the satisfaction of his regiment. The bold fellow is said to be the stoutest and most intrepid swimmer in the army.

A CHURCH BILLIARD ROOM.

Novel Departures In the Fitting Up of a New Congregation House.

The Adams (Mass.) Congregational church recently dedicated a congregation house and parsonage containing some radical modern features. The house, besides containing more completely the features found in parish houses, has a bowling alley, a well equipped gymnasium and a billiard and pool room, the most radical feature of all. The auditorium has a platform with footlights, as near an approach to a stage as could well be built in connection with a church, even in the midst of liberal Adams folk. The church has a well fitted kitchen, lots of table linen, silverware and dishes. It has reading rooms, classrooms and a study for the pastor.

The bowling alley is in the basement and is always full of merry youths at accessible hours. The gymnasium in the attic is constantly patronized. Last week a class of young men was organized, and Professor Seeley of Williams college was engaged for instructor. The young women have become jealous, and it has been decided to prohibit the use of the gymnasium by the boys for several hours each day and turn it over to the girls, who are determined to form an athletic association too.

The church is not selfish. It has thrown open the doors of its fine congregation house to the whole community, believing that a bettering of social conditions is a step toward purification.

There are one or two of the old conservative element who look unfavorably upon the congregation house and its well patronized pool and billiard tables. One says:

"By and by there will be a saloon connected with every church. If you put in billiard tables, bowling alleys and gymnasiums and say as long as the boys will play they had better play at church, why not put in a bar, for as long as men will drink why not let them drink at church?"—Boston Journal.

England's Game Laws.

While in most things England may be considered as abreast of the times she is hopelessly to the rear as regards her game laws. The absurdity of the latter as well as their flagrant injustice, savoring of the feudal ages, was strikingly illustrated the other day when young Lord Stratheden and Campbell was able to get a sentence of imprisonment and fine passed upon one of his tenant farmers who had committed the crime of shooting a hare on a field which he leased from the peer. This was held by the board of magistrates, consisting mainly of fellow landowners and friends of Lord Stratheden, to constitute the crime of poaching.

A Good Scheme.

An English gentleman has invented a life saving apparatus for use on a lake on his own place which is so simple that one like it could easily be put on every sheet of water frequented by skaters. Two broad planks, about 8 feet long, are placed on sled runners, and these are joined together by a rope fully 20 feet in length. A life preserver is fastened to the center of the rope, and in case of accident two people, by throwing themselves on the planks, could easily steer them to the hole, one on either side, when the life preservers could be grasped by the one whose life is in danger.—Philadelphia Press.

A Landmark Removed.

It has been discovered that Washington rock, a historical old landmark near Lambertville, N. J., has been broken up into paving blocks and shipped away by quarrymen who leased the land. It is claimed that Washington used this rock as an observatory. From it the city of Trenton, ten miles distant, could be plainly discerned. The citizens are very indignant over the destruction of the landmark.

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THE DISCOVERY OF ARGON.

Coincidences Connected With the Experiments Made by Scientists.

Professor Ramsay explained in an interview last week how he discovered argon, the new element in the atmosphere which is now exciting the wonder of the scientific world. He said: "The impulse came directly from Lord Rayleigh. He was much impressed by the fact that atmospheric nitrogen was heavier than chemical nitrogen. This might be due to an admixture of lighter gas with chemical nitrogen or to the presence of a gas of a greater weight in atmospheric nitrogen. Lord Rayleigh was inclined to the former explanation, and some four years ago he consulted me about the manufacture of chemical nitrogen.

"I regarded the second explanation as the true one, and after he had been experimenting for some time I asked his permission to make experiments on my own account. He never hesitated to accord his consent, and I set to work. It was dreary waiting for results that never came, but there were times of high excitement as my suspicions became probabilities, and probabilities grew into triumphant certainty. At length, in July last, I was able to send Lord Rayleigh three ounces of the new gas.

"He replied at once. He also had some of the gas. Our investigations, conducted independently, had led to simultaneous success, as has been the case with so many discoveries and inventions. There was still another coincidence a little later. As soon as we got the gas we wanted to find out its nature. Was it a chemical combination or a mechanical mixture? Was it monatomic or diatomic, simple or compound? Professor Olszewski of Cracow was experimenting with it in communication with me. By the application of heat he made the discovery that there was no loss of heat through intermolecular motion. We made out that argon was monatomic. I wrote the news to Cracow. My letter had hardly gone when I received a communication from my confrere. He had also suspected the monatomic nature of the new gas, but for another reason. Argon weighs 20 times as much as hydrogen and 16 times as much as oxygen. He had expected the heavier gas to liquefy at a higher temperature. To his surprise, it liquefied at a lower temperature. There was only one conclusion, and that was argon was monatomic. But it was curious that letters announcing the same information should cross."—New York Sun's London Correspondent.

AN APPEAL ON WALL PAPER.

Getting Out the Edition of a Newspaper Under Trying Conditions.

A recent issue of the Callaway (Neb.) Tribune was printed on wall paper and contained the following explanations: "Aid is being sent here for the farmers, but we can't issue on aid, flour or a piece of side meat, and having run all our white paper through we are using up the wall paper given us, which is about exhausted, and only the office towel is left, which has not been washed for seven years. So we ask our brother printers to consider our situation, with a family to support, with nothing coming in, and we know their ever generous disposition will see some way to contribute a little paper or a couple hours' work to keep my paper going for the good it will do the outside world in telling them how this afflicted, drought stricken district is getting along; also to enable us to get shoes and proper wraps for our wife and four children. All communications will be cheerfully answered, and any donation will be acknowledged in the press, whether for us or to be divided with other printers in this district."

Ex-Speaker Reed's New Cane.

Everybody who knows Mr. Reed at all knows his abhorrence of loud or flashy dress. He dislikes jewelry. His scarfpin, when he wears one, is of the most modest kind. No rings sparkle on his fingers, and nothing could be more unobtrusive than his watch chain.

Well, the other day, when Mr. Reed was in Providence, he was presented with a cane. It was an enormous affair, with a head as big as a football and with a great amount of gold carving and elaborate filigree work. Mr. Reed gasped as he clutched the cane, but he carried it bravely until he settled himself down in a railway car. Then he took a newspaper and quietly wrapped up the cane. He swathed the massive head in his handkerchief, and he sent the entire outfit into retirement under the seat. When he reached his hotel in this city, he handed the bundle to his wife. He breathed a sigh of relief as he saw it consigned to a closet, and when it comes forth again it will be because there is a moving day in the Reed household.—Washington Star.

Freezing of Pipes Prevented.

An English firm is introducing an automatic air valve intended to prevent the bursting of pipes by frost. The valve is soldered into the water pipe at the highest position of the building and normally is kept closed by the pressure of the water inside the pipes. In time of frost the main cock is closed, and then by opening the lowest tap in the building the water in the house pipes can be run off, air coming through the air valve to take its place. Thus the pipes, being filled with air, cannot freeze. On turning on the water from the main again the air valve closes automatically.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Yates Defeated.

Mrs. Yates, who as mayor of Onehunga, New Zealand, did so much to discourage other communities from making women mayors, has not been re-elected. Her fellow citizens have repudiated her and placed a mere man in the mayoral chair. But Mrs. Yates is going to have her revenge on a world that watched her czarlike rule without sympathy. She is going to make a tour and lecture.—New York World.

"WHY SO SAD, WILLIE?"

A London Police Court Incident That Made Even Lady Somerset Laugh.

All London is laughing now over a bit of testimony that was given in the hearings on Lady Henry Somerset's crusade against the London music halls. Not to be behind our own Dr. Parkhurst when he began his crusade, Lady Henry Somerset determined to take the bull by the horns and collect evidence herself. She secured another lady as zealous as herself as a companion, and the pair obtained the services of a young curate of their acquaintance as male escort.

Now, it happens that Lady Somerset is a woman of very generous proportions and withal so handsomely made that some of the ungodly have been wicked enough to suggest that her ladyship would make an enchanting living picture herself. It chanced also that the lady who was to accompany her was of a similarly generous build, if anything rather the larger of the two. On the other hand, the young curate was slight and weazened, with a pale, mild face, that bore a perpetual air of melancholy.

The trip was made, and when the detective party was placed upon the stand during the hearing the justice asked her ladyship if in her travels about in the slums she had been molested or accosted in any offensive way. Lady Henry was compelled to reply that she had not, but that, on the contrary, she had rather respectful treatment. Her companion gave similar testimony.

When the little curate took the stand, the judge asked the same question of him—if he had been accosted.

"Yes," replied the little man in a shrill voice, "and very offensively too."

"Well," said the judge, "what did the women say to you?"

"Well, sir," the curate declared, with comical indignation, "in one of the music halls a couple of women came up to me, and one of them brazenly chucked me under the chin and said, 'Why so sad, Willie?'"

Even Lady Henry Somerset could not suppress her laughter.—New York Herald.

BACTERIOLOGY.

This Bacillus Business Has Spread So as to Make Us All a Little Nervous.

Of Campbell's lives of the lord chancellors, in the succession of which there was a possibility that he might himself appear, Lord Brougham said that it had added a new terror to death. Life has been so stuffed with new terrors by the bacteriologist that there is hardly room for another, and beside him the most prolix and prosaic historian and biographer becomes an innocent and harmless figure indeed. There is hardly any physiological or moral condition which is not now fitted with its bacillus, the proportion and structure of that microscopic reptile being given with diabolical accuracy and verisimilitude. It would really be a relief not to know quite so much of the minute organizations which accompany morbid pathological states if there were any way of escaping it. The doctors have to know, of course, but the knowledge might be confined to them, as the sacerdotal mysteries used to be to the priesthood. It would save no end of popular anxiety and alarm. With every symptom the patient is now assured that he is assailed by a new and virulent micrococcus, and the constantly published researches of the microscopists tend to inflame his imagination and increase his alarm.

Here is an Italian bacteriologist who says he has discovered the bacillus of old age, and when he has found out the right sort of salt to put on its tail its ravages will be at an end, and old age, as a condition, will pass away, subsisting only as a theory or remote retrospect. He has not yet disclosed the structural outlines of this curious reptilian debutante, and it may be only an after dinner vision, to which science will deny a recognized place, leaving old age, as it was before, an incurable condition, with an invariably progressive tendency, in no need of bacteria to accelerate it.—New York Tribune.

Colored Floridians In Clover.

Nothing will kill a young negro but a charge of dynamite, and their stomachs must be wonderfully and fearfully made. The freeze was an unmitigated blessing to them, and they luxuriated on frozen oranges for two weeks afterward. It was fun to see them. They would gather around the various shipping points, and when a lot of fruit was ordered to the cremator they would help themselves before it was hauled away. Some of the boys would eat two dozen frozen oranges at a sitting, or standing, rather, and the feat did not seem to harm them in the slightest. Some of the bootblacks and newsboys made a point of buying 5 cents' worth of frozen oranges every day for their dinner. They could get a dozen large ones for a nickel, and they would eat them way down to the yellow hide. A white boy who attempted the same performance would have had several different kinds of cramp colic in less than 15 minutes.—Florida Times-Union.

Hears With His Mouth.

A boy whose mouth is wonderful, in that it does the double service of tasting and hearing, was in San Antonio today. His name is John Mihand, and his home is at Sabinal. He was born ten years ago. Both ears were closed at birth, and they have never been of service to him. But by a remarkable freak of nature his mouth has done what his ears ought to have done, and he is not incommoded in the slightest. Several local doctors examined and tested the powers of the mouth and pronounced the case a phenomenon without a parallel.—San Antonio (Tex.) Dispatch.

Our Actors.

It is a remarkable fact that most of the so called Irish comedians in this country are Americans, and most of the English actors are Irish.—New Orleans Picayune.

AT PARTING.

Forgive me, dearest, if I look
Too long upon you as a book
That I would learn, and so
Must strain my eyes in reading, but
To feel the jealous lids will shut
Before the end I know.

Forgive me, dearest, if I touch
These braided tresses overmuch.
This little curl I press
With thought of days when, far apart,
No tender wile of lover's art
Can make the distance less.

Forgive me, dearest, if too near
I bend, your slightest word to hear.
I listen now, you see,
For words that you may try to speak
Some tender moment when too weak
Your voice for reaching me.

—Bertha G. Davis in Kate Field's Washington.

MANUFACTURING BRAINS.

Imbecile Children and How They Are Improved Mentally.

The education of the imbecile is one requiring an infinite number of repetitions of a message, which at the outset must be unusually sharp and clear and unconfusing. If it is the sight and hearing which are to be improved, the pupil is placed in a dark room, and into its darkness a single ray of bright light is admitted. And when this startling and antithetical phenomenon has caught and riveted the child's attention, by repetition, a slide is passed through the beam of light, with sharply defined forms painted or engraved upon it—simple forms, too, such as the square or triangle or star. Then the names of these figures are clearly and distinctly and repeatedly pronounced, the name sounded each time the object is exhibited.

This is an example of the necessities of an extreme case—a very apathetic and unobservant child. Usually it will be sufficient to exhibit objects by lifting them from the table and simultaneously telling their names. This must be done over and over again until the nerve fibers and brain cells are stimulated into readier action and developed into fuller and more perfect performances of normal functions.

The imbecile child's brain is improved in the same way as the biceps muscles are more and more enlarged. This is done by the repeated use of small dumbbells at first and then by the gradual substitution of heavier and heavier weights.

The tenure of human life is so short that all that can be done for such extreme types is to enthrone the disenthroned moral sense. It would require an eternity to tone up the five physical senses. Nervous idiots are much more promising pupils and show remarkable mental improvement in a short time. But the physical senses are always improved with the improvement of the moral sense. A child who has been taught how not to be an animal indoors will have more appreciation of color, and a child who has learned not to cry and scream on the slightest pretext will have a far better regulated sense of touch, smell and hearing.—New York Advertiser.

Penalties For Careless Coachmen.

When an omnibus or a cab driver runs over a foot passenger in London streets, the possible loss of a license exercises a wholesome restraint. The private coachman and the driver of the tradesman's cart have far less compunction in teaching an old gentleman to get out of their way by running him down. At the worst, they are fined. Not infrequently their fines are paid by a sympathizing employer. But no one pays a poor cabman's fines, and the loss of a license in addition means the loss of his means of a livelihood.

In Paris, we believe, the driver of a fiacre is generally allowed by the law to run over one bourgeois in the course of a year. In London magistrates are less lenient. Moreover, the law makes an unfair and arbitrary distinction between the cabman's case and that of the unlicensed driver. The former is liable to be removed from the box for good and all. The driver of the cart may continue to urge on his wild career, though he destroys several citizens in the course of the year.—London Spectator.

Detected.

The Marquis of Waterford once showed remarkable detective skill. A robber, who had broken into the marquis's house at Curraghmore, Ireland, was pursued by him and followed to a public house four miles off.

There the robber had seated himself among a number of men, who were drinking and smoking, and not one of them would betray him. The marquis, however, was master of the situation.

He insisted upon feeling all their hearts, and as he was their landlord and the great man of the county not one dared to refuse. The man whose heart was still beating quickly was the robber, who had just ceased running.—Youth's Companion.

Elks Broken to Harness.

There is a novelty at the stock yards that is attracting the attention of every one. It is a team of elks, standing nearly 16 hands high, broken to harness and as gentle and obedient as horses. They have been brought in from Montana and are awaiting a purchaser in one of the big pens in the yards. The elks have been domesticated, and their owner, G. S. Slayton, has driven them about his ranch for several years.—Chicago Tribune.

Ace Sad Case.

Ethel—Don't you think that pair of vases lovely, George?

George (with visions of last night's poker game)—Curse the things! I don't want to hear anything about them.

Ethel has not spoken to George since.—Buffalo Express.

The old sheepskin cloak mentioned by Paul probably cost him about $1, as that was the common price at that time.

Helena, Mon., was named for a female relative of a miner named John Sommerville.

Wash potatoes with a cloth. It is a saver of time and of the hands.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

Sublime and Immortal, Though Matthew Arnold Had Never Heard of It.

I stood close by and heard that speech delivered. It came upon us after the ponderous and elaborate rhetoric of Edward Everett like a blaze of real fire after a matchless picture of fire. It sprang, like the strophes of old, out of a chastened heart almost broken with the weight of conquest, but still dauntless in its American faith, and the man who spoke the words was, for the moment, transfigured for us, and his furrowed face and gaunt form took on the light that never was on land or sea, so that he became the archetype of the people themselves, uttering better than he knew the great prayer of that finer and better humanity that our fathers and we believed was to come with liberty and equality out of storm and stress and an unshaken confidence in man.

But I don't think any of us then knew how masterful is the speech of the human heart when it comes through the furnace to these great occasions and plants its sad sincerity by the side of mere scholarship and the grooved thunder of rhetoric.

We had to live on for a quater of a century and see that brief speech burning with unquenchable flame in our schoolbooks and standing out with modest majesty on our page of recorded history to comprehend how God can touch with a living coal the lips of a rail splitter just as he touched the lips of a tentmaker of Tarsus and lifted the untutored heart of the shoemaker, Bunyan, into communion with the immortals.

Turn it every way you can, the Gettysburg speech stands unique as a brief literary and patriotic composition. It is the noblest condensation into the fittest words of all the emotions, aspirations and sentiments that millions of mute people wanted at that moment to utter.

So inwrought is that speech with the heart of the occasion, and so majestically does it sweep over into the time to come, that I should think all men everywhere would discern its intrinsic quality. But that is not the case.

I remember talking with Matthew Arnold when he was in this country about Abraham Lincoln—you will remember that he said of Lincoln that he had no "distinction"—and I called his attention to the Gettysburg speech. I shall never forget the imperturbable Saturday Review stare with which he asked, "Ah, what is the Gettysburg speech?"

He had never heard of it. I believe when he went back he asked Professor Bryce what it was about, and when it was hunted up in an American schoolbook and shown to him he read it hastily and put it away with commiserating reticence.

Suppose you ask M. Bourget, who is looking into the American heart by the way of the American bodice and on space rates, if he has read the Gettysburg speech. I happen to know of my own knowledge that Robert Louis Stevenson had not heard of it when he was exploring our continent, and Sir Lepel Griffin and Rudyard Kipling had an idea that it was a newspaper fake.

The current number of The Saturday Review lies open before me, and this is what my eye falls on:

"The common American delusion that there have been a number of great American poets, that there is indeed such a thing as American literature, disports itself with unusual pomposity."

It is impossible for these literary prigs of a special cult to understand that there may be stimulant conditions of national life that wake into tumultuous activity all the higher and better functions of the soul prior to the chartered formulation of them into an art, and that it is in these periods of awakening and not in the after repose of an elaborate aestheticism the most precious heartbeats of the race have made themselves heard and felt, sometimes in half articulate tones, but oftener in organ blasts which have set the key of liberty and fixed the vocabulary of hope and victory.

Before eloquence or poetry was an art it was a burning soul and fetched its style from the agonies and mysteries of an untutored nature.

Let us by all means confer distinction on a deathless utterance by molding it in bronze. If we add metal enough and surround it with the arabesque of Oxford, future Matthew Arnolds may join the pilgrims and throw the English tribute of a well turned phrase upon the tablet, which, after all, is but a weak hieroglyph of the record in 70,000,000 hearts.—Andrew C. Wheeler in New York Sun.

A Carrier Pigeon's Return.

Eight months ago a carrier pigeon belonging to John C. Dinan, president of the Hillside Homing club of Lancaster, Pa., was released at Manassas, Va., being one of a number engaged in a fly for the Shamrock Silver club on Tuesday. Dinan's bird failed to return home, but last evening it appeared at its old cot. An examination of the bird showed that its wings had been clipped. As soon as the feathers grew again the bird's instinct turned it homeward.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Speaking Repeater.

The latest thing in watches is a repeater which pronounces the hours and quarters, and so obviates the trouble of counting necessitated by the present system. M. Silvan, a Swiss watchmaker, is credited with having successfully adapted Edison's phonograph so as to produce this ingenious result.—New York Post.

Philadelphia Foresight.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a careful citizen who refuses to walk in the middle of the street when the sidewalks are slippery, because if he should slip down and sustain an injury on the sidewalk he could recover damages from the city, while he could not if he was walking in the middle of the street.

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